

DiScORDER

December 1991

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DISORDER

DECEMBER 1991 - ISSUE #107...

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COVER

Tying in with "the Christmas thing" is this month's cover of a Nirvana-like Grinch. Yule-tidely drawn by artist extraordinaire, Gary Wildeman.

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Disorder Copyright © 1991 by The Student Radio Society of the
University of British Columbia. All rights reserved. Disorder is that
magazine from CTR 101.9 FM, and is printed monthly in Canada on
paper manufactured in Canada. Disorder prints what it wants to,
including the CTR On The Dial program guide and the CTR Spinlist
playlist charts. Circulation is 17,500 copies distributed free to over
230 locations. 12-month subscriptions are \$35 in Canada, \$35 (US) to
the states, and \$24 elsewhere. Please make cheques or money orders
payable to Disorder Magazine. Deadline for ads and submissions is
the 15th of the month. We want your stuff—send it our way, and if we
like it, we'll use it; if not, we'll lose it.

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Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in
the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock. Office hours for CTR,
Mobile Sound, and Disorder are Monday-Friday, 10-4. Call CTR 911 line
@ 822-CITR, our offices @ 822-3017, our news + sports @ 222-2487,
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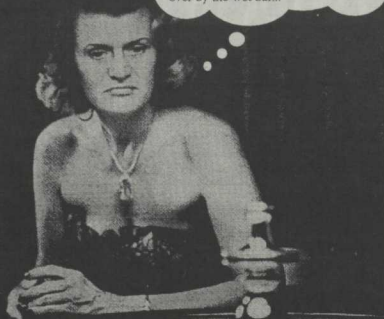
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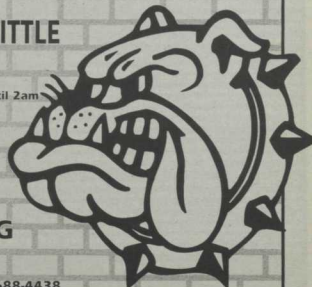
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As much as we hate admitting we're wrong, here at *Discorder*, we once again have trod upon pemicious territory. We speak of last month's issue (Nov. 1991, issue #106) in which Redd McLann made mention to a security guard at the Public Enemy/Anthrax concert being a "twat." Firstly, I believe everyone who took offence to the use of this word has to realize that Redd McLann is a member of the gender we affectionately call female. Secondly, because SHE was reviewing a rap concert SHE felt it appropriate to write on the crass roots/ghetto level in which rap is synonymous with. Lastly, "twat" is a derivative of the French word "toit," which means roof and, therefore, Redd McLann's cause for missing Primus was due to the roof at the pass door.

Now, there was also some concern voiced at the authenticity of the facts on Flavor Flav and Chuck D. Well, yes indeed, for all you Doubting Thomases, Flavor Flav was in fact a member of the legendary super-group Parliament. The Chuck D incident is in fact correct. However, it does not pertain to the last time they were in Vancouver, as the moral majority read it to be, but to the anal retentive border between Windsor and Detroit. Nyah, nyah, nyah. Raspberries to all you skeptics.

While we're at it we might as well give credit where credit is due and was so ignorantly omitted from the last issue. Kudos go out to June Scudeler for her piece on Pigface, and graphic credits to David Chung for the "Colour By Number Jesus" and the "Elvis Lawn Ornament" in the "How To Get Rich..." piece. Tanx! [Ed.]

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CTR's fax number is 822-9019.
CTR's office is Room 233 in SUB.

So what's the matter with you folks? It's been three months and we haven't received one decent letter to Airhead! Either we're doing everything right or we're doing something very, very wrong. Perhaps you, the concerned reading public, have forgotten your duty to keep the lines of communication open between a magazine and its readership. Or perhaps you've just forgotten how much fun it can be to get your own witty opinions published in *Discorder*. Just to help you along, we've compiled a multiple-choice "Airhead Starter Kit." Just fill in the blanks with one of the choices in the column to the right, stuff it into an envelope, lick a stamp, and pop it into the mailbox. C'mon, it's real easy.

Dear Airhead,

I am writing to express my (1) _____ over (2) _____ the November issue of (3) _____. Who the hell does (4) _____ think he/she is? I can't believe that (5) _____ like (6) _____ would be caught (7) _____. At least (8) _____ (9) _____ the piece (10) _____ that you passed off as (11) _____. Tell your (12) _____ to get their (13) _____ straight before (14) _____. I've had enough of hearing about (15) _____; (16) _____ rule! Why not (17) _____? Oh yeah, How come (18) _____? I hate (19) _____!!!

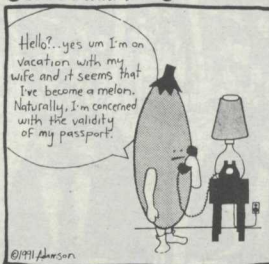
Signed,

_____(20)_____

Multiple-choice answers:

- (1) a) excitement
b) indignation
c) hurt feelings
d) guilt
- (2) a) the Chuck D interview in
b) the "Lunatic Fringe" ad in
c) the "Shindig" column that appeared in
d) spilling coffee on
- (3) a) *Discorder*
b) "that magazine from CTR"
c) your pathetic little shitrag
d) AF
- (4) a) this mystery "G" person
b) Paul Brooks/Chris Buchanan
c) Rory Tait
d) that "Nabob" guy
- (5) a) boneheads who
b) smut
c) a totally awesome band
d) losers
- (6) a) to crash other people's interviews
b) this affront to humanity
c) 3000 B.C.
d) yours truly
- (7) a) without any "Polident"
b) sitting in the hallowed pages of *Discorder*
c) playing in a charade such as "Shindig"
d) hanging out at "Taf's"
- (8) a) It didn't completely ruin my afternoon
b) I can use it as a reason to hate you more
c) you suck and they don't
d) I don't shop at "Violet Addiction"
- (9) a) loved
b) tore up
c) loathed
d) ate
- (10) a) on "How to Get Rich Overnight"
b) of shit
c) on Mudhoney
d) of fish
- (11) a) a real "Tom Vu" seminar
b) a review of the PE/Anthrax show
c) journalism
d) deep-fried halibut
- (12) a) readers
b) reviewers
c) writers
d) cooks
- (13) a) facts
b) teeth
c) thinking caps
d) paper hats
- (14) a) they complain
b) brushing
c) mouthing off
d) preparing foodstuffs for public consumption.
- (15) a) fuck-ups who can't take care of themselves
b) SUB POP shit
c) bands I've never heard of
d) all this wimpy art-rock
- (16) a) Capitalists
b) Napalm Death
c) Skinny Puppy
d) The Outrageous Valentinos
- (17) a) do a feature on Adam Smith's economic theories
b) just cease publication
c) try doing more drugs
d) bring back "Hell's Kitchen"
- (18) a) All my other letters have never been printed
b) I can never get a date in this town
c) I still can't find CTR on my IM dial
d) there's no all-ages shows anymore
- (19) a) censorship
b) using the "Telepersonals"
c) Coast 800
d) watching TV with my parents
- (20) a) (YOUR NAME HERE)
b) Former CTR Member
c) P. Ness
d) Too Young, Too Cool

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A WELPLACED CALL TO THE MINISTRY OF TRANSFORMATION.

JUNKFLESH: Vertebrate

Dissection

By Bryce Thing
Hey, all I wanna know is, just what the hell is it? (Yeah, and I write the thing.) "A neat story about a cool zombie that gets lost in a mall and has real cool adventures..."

Uh... weellll... No. 1: Junkflesh isn't a zombie. As far as I can discern, it's a humanoid form, animated by some form of self-deterministic virus (that is, a virus that either mimics intelligence, or is, intelligent) that, for unknown reasons, seeks survival through the bipedal form. No. 2: Junkflesh is a biological/metaphorical paradox: a being that is virtually immoral and invulnerable, therefore potentially very powerful, but at the same time, totally useless and pathetic, and yes, stupid...

It was found by Ophelia and Theophilus, cousins who share similar fuck-ups for parents. Ophelia and Theophilus are just a couple zero-generation losers who have no idea what importance Junkflesh may have—they're just trying to keep it together... Theophilus is just a neurotic baby doomer...

In this story, um, "Vertebrate Dissection," our fun thing, with a transmitter stuck in his neck, runs amuck and has a very good time looking for plastic. It's up to Ophie and Theophilus to find Junkflesh before it's mere presence traumatizes your average human...when you're lumpy, greasy, smelly, and trailing scrap metal parts, traumatizing humans can be fun...

Junkflesh No. 2 and 3 are coming out in December. You can find Junkflesh at Serach Records, Smash Gallery, and other fine establishments.

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ALICE IN CHAINS

by Braden Zrno

It's been a long time in coming, this bloody interview. But, hey, four is a lucky number, so the situation was promising. Sharing my optimism was a fresh face round CTR, Emma Lauder, who aided me in what follows. That is, the interrogation of Alice in Chain's principal songwriter, Jerry Cantrell.

Emma Lauder: Does a "grunge scene" exist in Seattle and, if so, how did it affect your music?
Jerry Cantrell: I don't know what grunge is. That's like a building on your windows. It's a good music scene, there's a lot of great bands

from Seattle. It's pretty happenin'. As far as that term—I don't really know.
BRADEN: Is there a certain genre of music that's coming out of the Northwest right now?
JERRY: Uh, no. There's a lot of good rock music coming out, there's also a lot of other great stuff too. Y'know there's reggae bands there, there's pop bands...
BRADEN: Rap bands?
JERRY: Yeah, there's rap bands there too: Sir Mixalot.
EMMA: Is there a theme to *Facelife* and was it intentional?
JERRY: Uh, no, not intentional. We

just went in, we just came up with the songs we liked and they went on the album.

EMMA: How do you feel about being billed with Van Halen and have the audience reactions been split in any way?

JERRY: Uh, it's a different crowd than like the "Clash of the Titans" tour but every tour we've been on has been different. We've toured with everybody from Extreme, Iggy Pop, Megadeth, Clash of the Titans, Van Halen, so it's always a very different reaction. But we're having a fantastic time, the band's are incredibly cool. It has nothing to do with playing music at all, the cool bands make it a whole lot better.

EMMA: Why weren't you involved with Sub-Pop?

JERRY: We were never approached by them. I think they didn't really consider our type of band, whatever that is. I mean, they've got a really great thing happening, there's a lot of great bands on the label, we just never really were a part of that family. We just kinda went off and did our own thing.

BRADEN: Def Jam released a compilation of Slayer tracks that were recorded off the "Clash of the Titans"...

JERRY: Right; that was the *Decade of Aggression* right.

BRADEN: *Decade of Aggression* right. Megadeth did a tune for the *Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey*, what else?

EMMA: Anthrax toured for the *Killer B's*.
BRADEN: Yeah, but nothing new from Alice in Chains. What's going on?

JERRY: Actually, we did a movie too. We did a soundtrack for a movie called *Singles* which will be com-

ing out sometime in February. It's with Matt Dillon and Bridget Fonda. We wrote a song for it, we also do a couple of scenes in the movies. Soundgarden and Pearl Jam are also in it. It's loosely based on the Seattle music scene. Matt Dillon's in a band and stuff and Pearl Jam is his backup band. It's gonna be really cool. It sounds cheesy but it's gonna be really great. It's written and directed by Cameron Crowe who used to write for *Rolling Stone*, he's also done a lot of movies since then. It was a really cool experience.

BRADEN: Are you writing on the road?

JERRY: Writing a lot—the next album's gonna be incredible.

EMMA: Do you think you might lighten your lyrical content at all?

JERRY: No, definitely not. It'll be more intense on the next album.

EMMA: Where do you draw your lyrics from?

JERRY: I don't know. My sick twisted mind I guess. It's a selfish thing y'know, we get the shit out. You get everything out and put it into the music so you don't keep it inside yourself. No matter how sick and twisted that is you gotta let your emotions out and music is an emotional outlet. I mean, it always has been and it always will be, that's what it should be and that's what it is for.

BRADEN: Is there a real effort that's put into the songs to create the dark ambience that Alice in Chains has in their music?

JERRY: No, that's just how it comes out, it's totally natural. I mean, there's work to do and it's difficult at times to write any type of song. Sometimes you just can't get the idea. But whenever it comes out

it's completely straight and natural. We don't even really think about it. We'll write something and get it down and I won't even know why or what it means to me at that point. But, y'know, maybe a couple of weeks or a couple of months later I'll get it. I'll get where that came from, from within me or whatever. We just let it come out. And instead of analyzing it, just let it be as it is for its strengths and weaknesses.

BRADEN: So if a happy song would out of Alice in Chains would you include it even though your fans are sort of derelicts of society that enjoy the darker side of life?

JERRY: I don't see any happy songs coming out of us in the next decade (laughs).

BRADEN: So the negative stuff is quite in abundance.

JERRY: Well, it's not negative it's just the release of emotions and diffi-

culty and there's a lot of negativity and a lot

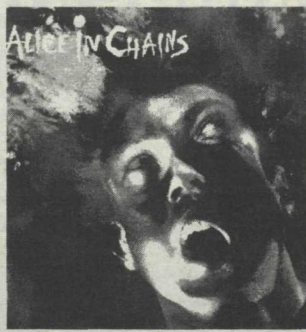
of emotion in the world right now. It's not a happy-go-lucky world, it's not like that any more. It's getting worse and worse in every aspect and everybody's feeling it in society. Luckily, we have an outlet to say something about it.

BRADEN: How about the coming down of the Berlin Wall?

JERRY: It's great. It's totally cool but I think there's a lot of other things the world that something that is as great as that happening—there's so many other things that are going on that are such crap. It's just getting worse and worse. From war to disaste to famine or whatever, I mean, it's getting pretty scary.

BRADEN: Any sort of an idea for the title of the next album or anything like that?

JERRY: We have an idea but I don't want to say it right yet, so nobody will steal it!



FRONT 242

by June Scudeler

Guess what? Belgian keyboard terrorists FRONT 242 are living, breathing human beings, not robots! I learned this as a friend and I interviewed percussionist Richard 23. If the grammar seems a little wonky it's because of Richard's french accent. He was very talkative and packed a lot of info into twenty minutes.

After the show, some hipsters and I took the "Front" to a couple of local clubs where the band looked like middle-aged Belgian tourists out for a night on the town. They were pretty funny and had an actual sense of humor! Though I must admit I couldn't tell Jean-Luc, Patrick and Daniel apart. Fortunately, I overcame this potential social nightmare by not using their names. Oh well, at least I know for sure this interview was with Richard 23.

Why do you feel the concept is more important than the individual?

It's quite simple. Because we realized that the four members were strong working together and we never succeeded when we were working separately. We don't know if we were going ahead separately, we

might've reached something. But right now, we know where we are because the band worked as an entity, so that's why we focus on the band as an entity, not as individuals. The other reason is that to promote the band as an entity is much more easy: you've got one name, one logo. It's like a company. It's like Coca-Cola. It's easier to promote Coca-Cola than the five dozen people that work for it. The third reason is to still have a private life apart from the project. We work from 10 til 6 or 7 and then we go back home and lead our lives. Because of that we're trying to be a little bit anonymous and focus on the band rather than the individual personalities of the people. Also, we don't stand for anything in the music or we, no one of us is taking a stand or got a message to say because the four of us are different and how can you focus on one personality when the three others are different? There's no leader in the band at all so that makes it more important to work on the entity of the Front 242 project.

So you don't have any political connotations? Some people see you as militaristic or even fascistic...

It's strange. It's the first time we've talked about it in this part of the world because usually the only country where we've got that kind of problem talking about fascism is in France because 15% of the people vote right and 15% vote extreme right, so it's right there in the mood. When you've got a name like "Front" it's immediately associated with the National Front, they don't see any further. When you talk about the fact people say we are politically right or militaristic, we are nothing, we are Front 242 and we do a certain kind of music with a certain quality and we don't stand for anything. "Cause we can't, the four members of the band got different ages, have different political views, lead different lives, got different attitudes, so it would be impossible for us to be like U2 or Johnny Clegg. So we're not talking militaristic, of course some of our music has part of the rhythm really strict and square but that's probably because we are European. We try to be European, that's where we born; our culture is European, our feeling and taste are from Europe; like black people try to find their roots in reggae music, in soul music, I can dance on reggae, even if I don't like it, and I can dance on soul music, but I feel it's not coming from me. So when you do music and rhythm you will probably reflect what you are and we are white Euro-

pean born. We gave a base to the people and they can interpret the base they way they want. The music, the pictures, they get from listening to the music, the lyrics they can understand, all that is up to them. When we tour, we get all these types of people, it's all right there. What ever people are, they can be black, yellow, or white we don't care. When you go see a movie you don't know if the person next to you is a fascist or a left guy; you don't care. They just like the same movie you do, that's fine. Then after the movie you can talk about it and see the guy's got a different interpretation than you. It's the same with Front 242.

It's like your religious sampling: we're presenting it as something in our society and people can think about it what they will.

Right, right! What happened the first time we came here in '84 in America, we were amazed by what people believed in, that's taking a position, but amazed by the way preachers were speaking on TV to motivate and captivate the people. We just started to record those shows because you don't see that kind of stuff in Europe and that's how we started to be interested in treating more by the words, more by the slogans, than what's behind it. And then again people in Mexico, which

is very religious, thought "We come to Paradise!" was a stand for Jesus and other people in Europe think it's against it.

Can you tell us more about the beginnings of Front 242?

It's easy, the four members were working quite separately, on different projects before Front 242 and we started to touch the synthesizers only because we wanted to do music and we weren't musicians and I wouldn't spend five years learning guitar because it was just spending my money. We realized that there was people in Germany like Kraftwerk, U2, PAF, who were making really good music, DIFFERENT music, having a really good attitude and not empty rock attitude, against all the rock's "sell system" in England—making something different and interesting with something from the Continent. So that's why we started. How we started is that we were living in the same area, we had the same interests in sound research. Daniel was working in an instrument shop selling the first synthesizers we were buying, so we started to be in contact and started exchanging cassettes of the work we were doing, that's how we came together.

How are you set up live?

Three live and four members in the band. When we started we had support from nobody because the type

of music was different and new and nobody was giving a penny on us and nobody, like journalists, talked about us when we started, no company was interested in the music we were doing; it was ourselves alone. It was the same when we started to do concerts, we never could find anybody to give us the right sound live. So naturally the more technical member of the band went behind the mixing desk to be sure the sound was right and that's how it started. We never sit around a table saying "You look good, you've got to be on stage." It just came naturally. When the band started I was not there. When they asked me to join the band I was working on the slides and the lights. They asked me to join because they saw a performance of my other band before and they knew I was getting excited and physical on stage. So when I joined the band it was basically for the visual part, more than anything else. So, naturally, Daniel was behind the mixing desk, taking care of the technical problems and when you have three guys on the stage, what's the point of having four guys in the picture? So the image the band is like the three guys and the technical part is probably two guys—the four of us work together on the project but some of us have more specifications.

How does living in Belgium affect your music?



Discorder: I'm here tonight at the O.K. Hotel in Seattle, WA for the Fluid. So what have you guys been up to in the last year and a half or so?

JOHN: Just mostly writing songs and shopping for a label. We've talked to a lot of different people, nothing has materialized yet in the way of an offer, but we're still shopping. We need a manager to help us do that so mostly just writing songs and...

MATT: ...collecting vacuum cleaners-Electrolux.

We've got lots of artists, like Jacques Brel, people you don't even know come from Belgium—even the guy that made the saxophone. We have lots of great painters, Flemish painters. But the culture in general was influenced by everybody, we've been occupied by the Spanish, by the Austrians, by the Germans, by the French, by the Netherlands, by everybody because the country is so small, it was easy. So because of that, there's a lot of different influences. Now Brussels is in the middle of the EEC which means a lot of companies coming there, a lot of people coming from all over Europe to live here. We've got thirty TV channels on the air, you play with the remote and you can jump from one country to another, you can watch the news at 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:30 from Germany, Spain, Italy, whatever. So, we've got no rules to follow. We are not English pop music, we're not French, so we won't be love singers. All that makes it easier, the geographical situation and the cultural situation.

There seems to be a similar situation because Canada is halfway between the States and we just get swallowed up. Canadians are struggling to keep out culture and our government doesn't help. Yes, I can see that. It's double in Europe. We can tell we were influenced by America because America

JOHN: We're preparing ourselves to record the next album. We don't know where it's gonna come out or who it's gonna be but we just continue doing the same type of thing: little tours here and there, writing songs.

DISCORDER: So have you played mostly in the Denver area?

JOHN: Yeah, throughout the summer we have. We toured in April in the Northeast and upper Midwest and in February did the west coast with the exception of Seattle.

was a big country, but now people realize it's not that good at all. You got McDonald's in Brussels but we won't have more because the people just want good food. You understand, because we used to have good food. Of course people like to go to McDonald's, they go before movies. But they won't go everyday because they want home cooked meals. Same with movies, we got American movies but we will also have Italian movies, French movies, German movies, because that's what the people want. Because of that we have American stuff, but we keep our own culture.

What do you think about bands such as Ministry and Nine Inch Nails mixing guitars and technology?

I don't know. We see lots of American industrial bands using guitars, we do too, as a matter of fact we have lots of guitars, samples of guitars in our music, we just don't play guitars. But Daniel can make tapes for hours with guitars and noise and then we sample what we need and when we find a good tune getting in the music, we use it. We sample a few heavy metal bands because we think they're very interesting and intense. But now, talking about Ministry, I don't think they're electronic at all, they're a hardcore band. To me, *Twist* was the last good album. I don't like what they do now. Nine

MATT: We were mad at Seattle then.

DISCORDER: Due to...?

JOHN: We couldn't get a date in Seattle when we needed it so we had to blow it off.

MATT: You seem to have this thing about it, you're going to it with Matt exits to go to sound-check.

JOHN: This is our favorite city to play in. I know and we would have loved to play here then but we just couldn't get a date. We don't have the most comfortable relationship with SUB POP but that doesn't affect our opinion of Seattle.

DISCORDER: Is that why you left the label?

JOHN: Oh yeah, I could criticize them 'til the cows come home but that doesn't really serve any purpose. We never got paid and with so many communication problems it was just a completely unproductive relationship. I mean it helped us to a degree because SUB POP helped really trendy and we got some attention through that. It became our tours a lot because the cities would stick the SUB POP logo on the flyers and a certain percentage of the people would come out because we were a SUB POP band. That's probably where it helped the most. But fundamentally we never got any money out of it so we thought why should we continue with that relationship when it wasn't working.

DISCORDER: So how come it's taken you so long to find a label? Is not having a manager part of the problem or have you just not found anyone good enough or willing to give you the right deal?

JOHN: Well, having a manager would help a lot 'cuz we're in Den-

ver and there's no label people in Denver. So for us it involves a lot of phone work to make anything happen and none of us have the contacts to be able to generate a lot of excitement. There has been a lot of uncertainty among the major labels as to what direction we're going in. It's like, "Well I hear pop elements in there, are you guys going more along the pop vein or the punk vein?" I mean it's been the same all it always was—it's got elements of all that. But that's not enough. Throughout the summer there were people saying, "Why don't we give you some money and you can make a demo tape." But we don't want to make a demo tape. If you want to hear what we're like go out and buy the damn records. My impression is that a lot of the A & R people are inebriated, and who claim to be fans and have all of our records, they're junior A & R people and they need to convince their bosses that we're a worthwhile venture. Their bosses don't know anything about us, which is why they think the demo tape is necessary. We spent all summer telling people we didn't want to do a demo and recently we just found a studio in Denver that we like. It's cheap so we're going to go ahead and record all our new songs. We're ready to do the record and if it takes spending a grand to further the interests that I've seen from talking with people then we're gonna go ahead and do it; even if the major label industry is so slow in getting things together.

DISCORDER: So what do you attribute then to bands like Nirvana who have just been signed? Do you wonder how quickly it happened or do you think their signing was inevitable?

JOHN: Well, I think they're a great band and they would have been

signed anyway but they did hire a good manager and he had a lot to do with it. You've also got to look at the fact that this record came out 2 years after *Blasphemy* so they had a long ball in which they could generate interest. And that's what we're gonna be looking at, at least a 2 year expense of time.

DISCORDER: Have you grown musically in the 2 year break that you've taken? Is the new stuff gonna be a departure from, say, *Glue?*

JOHN: I don't think so. We all like our new songs, we think they're the best songs we've written. They're just like what all of the others have been: they're hard and they're poppy. I think we keep getting better at writing melodies because I think that's what we've been into all along, having a real catchy melody. I guess we've grown musically just by the fact that we've written better songs.

DISCORDER: I noticed that you aren't doing any Canadian shows at all. Do you not like playing in Canada or do you just not have the time?

JOHN: Well, I like it fine, but on a tour like this, it being so short, if we're going to book a show we need it to be maximum guarantee.

AND IN FACT there was one club in Vancouver who offered us a show.

DISCORDER: It was the Crucial Elephant actually but as you said I don't think they could guarantee what you were asking.

JOHN: Right, it just boils down to what shows we can afford to pick up and getting the guarantee that we need. With this one, to take an entire day to drive to another city, you've got to consider that there's a lot of expenses too. So we've got to be sure that our expenses are covered, and then some. And that

show didn't appear like it was going to do it.

DISCORDER: And the border can be a big hassle sometimes too...

JOHN: It's a huge hassle, yeah. With us looking so scrappy and all I could see why they wouldn't want to let us over.

DISCORDER: Touring in North America has been successful enough for you guys, so what about Europe? What kind of response have you gotten over there?

JOHN: It's been great. We went to England and Scotland a year ago and it was awful there. I mean Nirvana, Tad and Mudhoney had all been there and then we come and they expected us to be Nirvana, Tad and Mudhoney. So it was pretty awful. But it was great in Germany and some of the other countries we did around there.

DISCORDER: I can understand that since I've talked to other bands who say that it's hard to play in England because they have such a conservative idea of what they like to hear and if you don't conform to that idea then you won't be liked very much. And I think that's a hard thing to accept especially because you have such a huge following in North America.

JOHN: You're right. That's very true. [John hears that he has to go to soundcheck.] Well, I have to go.

DISCORDER: Okay, well I'll wait for you 'cuz there's a couple more things I want to ask.

The rest of the interview took place off tape as upon returning from sound-check John appears to be a little more tense and perhaps worried about the night's festivities. John had little to worry about tho' because, as the evening unfolded, they rocked out like the Fluid that I know and love.

Inch Nails is fine because the guy has a great voice, he's a good composer, he's got good melodies and the structure of the music very interesting. We are not pro-electronic, I love Depeche Mode because they're probably the best electronic pop band in the world. I love even the Pet Shop Boys for the same reason. But I like heavy metal because it's intense and powerful and I like disco because it's danceable and simple. I like rap, it's different than funk or whatever, and I like classical because I think it's the biggest, deepest music you can find in the world. So we don't stand for or against electronic music or for or against the guitar. Music is music, there's interesting stuff everywhere. We stand against the old rock 'n' roll way of making music and business that makes us sick, more than the music itself. I think sometimes Rolling Stones have a good tune, who cares? I just don't like the way rock 'n' roll goes. We are really anti-rock we don't do drugs or drink and we don't destroy hotel rooms and all that kind of bullshit.

Are you planning more collaborations or side projects?

We've got no plans because we work too much for Front, it takes too much time, not only the music, but all the shit going around it, so we've got no real time. We've met people—we've met a guy who's a producer of video games and the company he works is

making video games and selling the programs to Nintendo and Amiga and people like that and he's a fan of Front 242. He's got a project of a new game and he wants us to do the music for the game and I think that's more interesting than working with other people making industrial music.

How much of your stuff is live?

We use tapes because there's no

point in bringing a computer. We tried that a couple years ago, but it was a mess. We feel that we are more into theatre—movies and shows than into a rock show; that's why we're using tapes. First, Daniel is standing behind the mixing desk; he has an eight track recorder so he can mix it so he's playing like a DJ, so he can mix the bass and voice so it's different every night. So then we are free to act on stage, so we can

play with the keyboards, drums and voices, we can have what we want, so every night it can be different—which is good so we don't get bored. Of course, the bones are there, the tracks are always the same, the people are expecting you to play the same songs, but if you want to sing more or dance more depending on the reaction of the people, we are free to do that because of the tracks are there.



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by Paul t. Brooks

About a zillion years ago there was a tumble in the belly of the Arizona desert which shaped one of the world's most brilliant phenomenon: The Grand Canyon. Like the second coming of the Lord those tremors were felt again, about a dozen years ago, but the consequences of those after-shocks proved of greater magnitude. Once the rubble and dust had set, emergency broadcasts turned off and rationing ceased, lounging at the hub of all this commotion were three Phoenix boys. Belched, like a chicken bone, from the esophagus of the arid Arizona desert were the Meat Puppets.

Belched is a better verb than a lot might think to describe the Meat Puppets conception. For a band whose sound varies from Tex-Mex to hardcore to psychedelia, belching and other relief noises could easily be mixed into the proverbial band pain—strictly for artistic creativity, of course.

MEAT PUPPET RECIPE

Ingredients:
1 drummer-Derrick Bottom
2 brothers-Cris and Curt Kirkwood
2 EP's
8 LP's
lotsa sand

Directions:

Grease your band pain with pre-felled latencies.

In a mix the drummer and 2 brothers furiously until dizzy and disoriented. Add the artistic/chemical influence of everybody from Led Zeppelin and ZZ top to The Grims and Husker Du. Agitate until agitated. Check for country twang. Let marinate with SST for 10 years.

This results in the rising of 2 ep's and 7 LP's. Sign a deal with Polygram and pour into band pain. Top with first major release, Forbidden Places, and bake in the Arizona desert at approximately 110°F.

Once the mixture has finished baking you should have a crisp, clean and gooey sound. Add smokes and beer to taste. Garnish with a cactus or roadkill. You are now ready to serve. Enjoy.

Collectively, the Meat Puppets of Curt Kirkwood (guitar, vocals), Kris Kirkwood (bass, vocals) and Derrick Bottom (drums), their music battles in everything: folk, jazz, country, metal, punk-rock. At best, you could say they are a fickle band. Currently they're touring in support of their latest, and first, Polygram release, *Forbidden Places*. They've just started the tour to support this release and I was fortunate enough to chat with Kris Kirkwood on their return to Vancouver's infamous Town Pump...

So were you guys just hanging out back home or what?

No, we just got home the day before from a month of touring.

Where were ya?

Uh, we went up to mid-west through the north-east. All the way up to Montreal was, I think, as far north as we got.

Oh, so you did play some dates in Canada?

Yeah, Toronto and Montreal. My Canadian girlfriend is whining at me about not having my names of stuff right, or whatever... I mean we play there a bunch (Vancouver), nobody ever comes.

That's strange though. Why do think that?

Cuz' nobody gives a shit about us and nobody wants to go.

Imagine a life of complete and total leisure and insert me there. Do I want to fuckin' lay naked in a pool of teenage girls all lubricated with Jello? Yes! I'm just like everybody else.

Well, how can you say that though cuz' you just got picked up by Polygram.

Down here. There are some people that come out but we're just a strange band. We've never been that huge or anything...never drawn that many people. We've done all right but we've never been like WOW, you know.

Where people are?

...flocking to it. We're a little more demanding and I don't get into it. I do know why. It's because we're not fuckin' suck up to the kind of people that like to come to rock shows. The kind of person that would like my

band isn't the sort of person that even leaves their house ever, let alone to go to some fuckin' stinky bar. It's tough to see a band that they really like get put through that kind of degrading shit.

So do you think that's why your listeners are thin, are the people that actually go out and buy your CD's? Um, I don't know. That's one take on it and that is partly true. Just 'cuz we're such a fuckin' unique band, upright, whatever the fuck we are.

So you think people would get into that more because you're not cliché by any means.

Right, well, like I said we've done alright. We've been together almost 12 years now and I haven't worked at anything else other than this for the last time. We've done alright but we just don't pack 'em in and Vancouver

times, "Those guys, aren't they dead yet?"

So how is the new album doing? Uh, it's not doing to bad.

Considering you guys had huge sales on SST when you were with them does this compare at all?

Yeah, the sales are as good. They're as good as the major labels were on SST but compared to the major labels it's not good enough. They want it to go gold and it's not near that yet. It's sold a lot of records, we're real happy with the amounts its sold.

Of course there are a lot of good things about getting picked up by the major but it kind of sucks in a way too because you gotta live up to their expectations which is superstardom where you got to sell a million copies before they're going to bend over backwards for you. Yeah, that's completely it. And either that or they gotta think that you're gonna sell a lot. Like we're called the Meat Puppets for sure. They'll for sure go, "Well, Meatloaf...uh, nope". You know, it's too obvious and what

has always been one of our worst places for some reason. Yeah, just awful. Town Pump—Town Dump. I mean there's like 50 or 75 people that show up. And then there's like, "Oh, NoMeansNo is having their reunion gig," some shit... and the Subhumans are gonna play."

Do you want to have the latest rock of this? The Exploited is touring. Pack it in guys.

You know, what are people gonna do, dry up and become cheese? I mean, tonight we're playing with the Psychedelic Furs who you would think is dead, come and go, but they're still around and still playing. That's how people react to us a lot of

College radio? I don't know what they do, I didn't go to college

not. Then I give interviews like in where they're going, "Hey, wait a minute, this guy's a snotty motherfucker. This guy isn't interested in playing along." 'cuz it's so much about pretending that you're something special in a way. I mean look at the shit that sells a lot, major stuff and indie stuff too. As far as I'm concerned it's just a different route and that's why we've never been huge on that either because we never stroked that particular little trend. And on either side you got these people that are just like so fake fuckin' walking around in their little outfit all pumped up, they just obviously really want the money and will do anything to get

it, and then there's these other people who are these icons of purity and strength, or danger and chaos and whatever.

So what are your views on bands like Fugazi?

Nothing. I don't care about other bands. That's where I don't fit in. I don't compare myself to other bands or think about other bands or even give a shit about them. Well, it's some other people doing something else and I don't give a fuck about other people. So, you can infer from that what I think about other bands. I don't give a fuck about them and I don't give about the fuckin' rock 'n' roll business either 'cuz it's gross, by and large—I like these bands are—and if I can succeed in it that would be a break but I sure hope I don't have to fuckin' care very much or do much more than I'm doing right now because it will be somewhat of a fuckin' strain. I am the way that I am and I didn't get into playing music so I could go out of my way for other people. I'm not in the rock business, I'm



in the Meat Puppets. That's all there is, so I wish all these other bands all the fuck in the world or hope they all get fuckin' hit by a bus. They have their fate like everybody does. Just 'cuz I'm in a band it's always, "Well, what do you think of the music business?" Well I don't give a fuck about it anymore I can't care about sports or the government.

So do you have a big hatred for corporate rock, or what? No, not at all, that's not what I'm saying at all. I'm just saying that I don't care about what other people do, they can go ahead and do

whatever they want to. I don't give a shit about it.

So, with you guys getting picked up by Polygram—*cut there's not a lot of bands that are like you—do you think that there's a whole new market opening for alternative bands?*

We're not an alternative band. Why we've gotten signed is because the alternative market has been established, for sure, big enough so that the majors have invested a bunch of money in it. Do I think that it's the

kill myself. 23 is the highest that this country can produce in number of kills by a single attacker with a gun. In Texas this guy drove his truck into Luby's, got out and systematically killed 23 people; shot another 30. That's the new record beating out that guy who went into McDonald's a few years back.

Were they tied some how [the killings]? Only in that the guy was unemployed and he blamed the government.

The kind of person that would like my band isn't the sort of person that even wants to leave their house ever, let alone go to some fuckin' stinky bar.

early 90's version of disco? Yeah! It's some new trend and the majors buy into it. As soon as it passes it'll die and all the departments that are formed right now to support it will be deleted just like the disco departments.

Okay, so you're saying that from a major label point of view but what about college radio which has supported you guys for ten years? Do you think it's just a trend with college radio as well?

College radio? I don't know what they do didn't go to college; I don't listen to the radio, so I don't know what they're up to. As the trend changes, if it does change, college radio will die out or turn into what it has become which is a training ground for major label radio. Whereas, when it developed, suddenly the media was being used in a new way and that's where trends develop. So, for a while there, college radio was some place where you could go in and spin records backwards and play Sun Ra next to the theme song from Charles in Charge. There's been the 80's and now there's a more kinder, gentler Leftism which involves political correctness. Suddenly there were good little boys and girls in charge who were headed towards well paying jobs with the industry. But on another level, what I really feel, the Meat Puppets are so much cooler than any of that shit. The band is just so fuckin' cool who gives a fuck how many records we make... how many we sell. And that's all that the music industry is about is money. Period. There are a lot of people in there that really love music and what not, but they don't own the fuckin' companies they work for 'em. But you can get music made and what not, and they actually did sign us, and we got to make a really cool Meat Puppets record and put it out on their label. But if we don't sell enough of 'em we'll get dumped and like a can of fuckin' boiling shit.

If that was to happen would you go back to SST?
Naw, I'll go on a killing spree then

Was Hinkley unemployed too? No, he was infatuated with Jodie Foster and was trying to win her attention. And that spawned the band Jodie Foster's Army.



He still writes to her you know.... This new album (*Forbidden Places*) you guys actually got somebody to produce it where in the past all the albums have been self-produced, what was the difference in that?

We had more money this time and we could afford a hot producer. We've never tried it and we're into trying different things.

Who was the guy that produced your album anyway?
Pete Anderson. He did Dwight Yoakam, Michelle Shocked and Blue Rodeo.

So he kind of tied in with your guys sound.
Ah, it was just a good connection.

He wanted to work with us too and one time Dwight opened for us years ago before he got big, Pete played with him then, saw us that night and has dug us ever since. Once he found out we were on the label he actually approached the label about it. So it worked out real good.

So do you think you guys will get a chance to open for Dwight Yoakam?
If we wanted to we probably could. Dwight came down to the studio a bunch while we were making the record and really fell in love with the song "Sam."

With *Forbidden Places* your sound is pretty much synonymous with what you guys have done in the past. Was that your guys' doing or Pete's?
That was our's, largely. He didn't fuck with anything that much. We played him the songs and he picked out the ones he liked the best and we all decided which ones we'd use. So we had everything worked out, pretty much, before we went in, he just wanted to make the band sound really good and make the band play what it does. We spent more time on the vocals too. We were a little more meticulous with this one and there are cars that would notice. It's nit-picky bullshit that we never worried about but

we did on this one and the record got played a lot on radio.

I guess if you got the money you might as well fuck with it hey? Yeah. We weren't being in any way unfrugal at all we just worked with everything until we got it the way we wanted it to sound using our ears. I like the way it came out a lot.

You guys are from Tempe, Arizona right?
We are now.

Do you know Alice Cooper?
Not personally, no. My mom met him in a restaurant one night and he's aware of the band and all that.

Doesn't he hold office or something like that?
No, he doesn't. I think he's an alcoholic. He's probably a reformed alcoholic-cum-golfer. I think he's like a golf fanatic. That's how it is with a lot of reformed doctors and alcoholics all they do is golf.

Do you guys live near the Grand Canyon at all?
Uh, it's only 3 hours away, or

something. That's another thing that Canada has a lot of that I'm very fond of is outcousy wonderment. Fuckin' Vancouver, it's so pretty there, for a city of its size. It's fuckin' gorgeous, believe it I mean, living in the desert and to come to a place like that it's like, 'You live here? You must be an elf.'

We make your presents for Christmas up here. They keep us busy here. Do you ski at all?
I have. Yeah, I actually taught myself how to ski a few years back and it's a pretty neat sport. I can't take the fuckin' little chair ride, it just drives me up the wall. That's the thing about Arizona: 2 hours to the north you get into country that looks like Jasper or Banff and then suddenly it just splits open and there's the Grand Canyon which is insane. The desert has its own very unique beauty.

Do you mow the lawn?
I have a lawn, yeah.

Do you mow it though?
Oh yeah.

Have you ever learned to play hockey?
No, but my dad was a pro hockey player. He played for the Texas Rangers farm team.

Do you think you would move to a climate where there is snow?
I've lived in snow before, as a kid. Yeah, I wouldn't mind it at all, I'm getting pretty sick of the desert. I've been here for awhile so I could wind up in some place as nice as the Canadian Rockies that's for sure. It wouldn't bother me at all. Imagine a life of complete rest and total leisure and insert me there. Do I want to fuckin' lay naked in a pool of teenage girls all lubricated with Jello? Yeah! I'm just like everybody else. But yeah it would be fun to get into the snow thing.

MEAT PUPPETS DISCOGRAPHY

Forbidden Places LP - Polygram
"Sam" 7" single - Polygram
No Strings Attached LP - SST
Attacked By Monsters LP - SST
Mirage LP - SST
Huawei LP - SST
Out Of My Way EP - SST
Up On The Sun LP - SST
Meat Puppets II - SST
Meat Puppets - SST
In A Car EP - SST

COMPILATIONS

The 7" Wonders Of The World cassette - SST
"No Values" on *Lovedolls* Superstar soundtrack - SST
"I Just Wanna Make Love To You" on *Blasting Concept Vol. II* - SST
"Meat Puppets" and "Tumbin' Tumbleweeds" on *Blasting Concept Vol. I* - SST
"Teenagers" on *Take It* magazine flexidisc
"Unpleasant" on *Amok* compilation - Placido Records
"Meat Puppets" on *Light Bulb Cassette* - L.A.F.M.S.
"H Elenore" on *Keith Rides A Harley* - Happy Squid
"Hair" on *Monitor* LP - World Imagination

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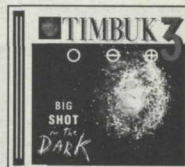
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BY JUDITH BEEMAN

With this issue subtext leaps into the world of computers. Aaaaah! Splash. There, didn't hurt at all.

Imagine being able to pose the question, "Anyone know of books on the subjects of mermaids?" any time day or night to a wide audience that might know the answer, or having a heated debate over *Writers who died while dueling*, then turn to a discussion to the controversial release *Mercy* by Andrea Dworkin. These three were all part of the fun & furor last week on Mindlink! BC's big-gest bulletin board system.

I joined Mindlink on Oct. 3rd. The massive role this technology will play in our future is looming ever closer. I thought I'd better get cracking. And hey, I feel vaguely like a cyberpunk goddess to boot.

Through Mindlink! you can post to the *Local* group or *Usenet*, which, for volume alone, is most exciting. This puts you in touch with 1000's of other users throughout the States and beyond. You can read, or add, "postings" on dozens of topics. Two topics I've been accessing the most are music and books. Through the "netmusic-rock" group I've met many people (we're even trading tapes) and "netarts" books "has proven interesting, too.

It's not all fun, though. The Usenet book group sometimes has the most insane discussions, like a recent "duel" between these two jerks: the most I could make of it was one guy, a writer, felt slighted by the other and, well, the gloves were taken off. As of this writing they were still at it. Truly boring, luckily one doesn't have to read each posting.

There are groups dedicated to comics (from Akira to Superman), science fiction, and poetry. People

review novels, hype their favourite authors and ask questions. There's even a haven for aspiring writers. If you have a computer and modem you can check out Mindlink! (online #576-1214, voice 534-5653) and perhaps arrange some free online time as a test drive! As a VIP member it's just over 10 bucks a month for the basic package. I must warn you though, it's addictive. Happy Reading!

FREE reading material is available all over town! Best places to pick up stuff are record/bookshops or community centres. Here's some I never fail to grab:

The Rocket: The Seattle fave. Music, mostly, but the arts are there as well. A must see if planning a trip "down south."

Noise: The new format is peachy, though still cluttered at times. Intelligent and informative. These "left wing" paper with a twist...Juv the Commercial Drive gossip column.

AF: AF is très okay in reportage and certainly has a tuff independent attitude. Especially pleasant is the variety of arts coverage. Bravo.

Common Ground: Searching for amasseuse? A more spiritual path? Heck, this longtime fave is still going strong. A recent article on the "dark side" of faith (ie. Monks who were much less than Holy) was very interesting.

DiscoText: Hey it's back, with a foldout design. Guide to the club, Graceland.

HYPE/Snipehunt: From Seattle and Portland. Wanna know the newest, hippest bands around? These freebies are worth getting ink on yer hands.

Ubysey/Peak etc: These University papers are widely distributed. The arts coverage at times is so sincere, it's touching.

Georgia Straight/Nite Moves: 1) They tell what's happening. 2) Tourists appreciate it. 3) Lots 'o free movie ticket give-aways.

Front: Gallery guide to the Western Front gallery (303 E. 8th). Coverage of events/showings as well as articles on art scene here and abroad.

Angles: The only gay/flesbian pub. around. The news coverage is informative and lesser known arts events are often profiled in time for you to catch 'em.

Ridge/Cinematheque/Starlight: These movie-how-to guides not only tell you what's coming up, but include excellent text on the films.

VR/BC BookWorld: The two book papers! The *Vancouver Review* (VR) is not. The writing is controversial (Rick Ouston and his battle w/Lyn Cockburn of the Province, rocked the last-ish.) and "literate" without being stuffy. They've seem to have lost my fave part, the steaming mad daffy duck graphic which graced the letters page. Bring it back! **BC BookWorld** is more to the point — what's happening on the publishing end of things, reviews and slaps on the backs to deserving writers. Why not?

[Ed. — And, of course, don't forget about that lowly rag in your hands right now. It too is a free publication which is widely available throughout the lower mainland and the Northwest.]

+++++ D.I.Y. — do it yourself. Born out of the DIY ethic is sub-TERRAIN a local magazine which features fiction, poetry and artwork. Issue #5, Fall '91 is on the stands now. This volume has the winning entry to their first annual *Penny Dreadful* short story contest (and I do believe a *Penny Dreadful* was the Victorian era's equivalent of a tabloid, such as *Star*) "On the Way to Orilla She Buys Sunglasses" by Carol Malyn, was also been made into a fine looking limited edition broadsheet. And hey, Carol won 50 bucks to boot!

sub-TERRAIN is having another keen contest, this time for all you poets. The theme is "Poems For The End Of The Century" and all the bonuses that applied to Carol will apply to the winner here, too! Here are the rules: original, unpublished material, typed, 4 poems max., no length rest, your entry must be postmarked by DEC. 31/91, winner announced by Jan. 15/92, judged by sub-TERRAIN Literary Collective made up of 6 readers (no-o). Okay, there is an entry fee of eight dollars (\$8) but get this, you will then receive at your doorstep the next 4 issues of this fine journal. Send your material with a SASE to:

Poetry Contest
sub-Terrain Magazine
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Canada V5T 3E3



PEOPLE ARE READING

Ever wonder what people are reading? I do. A great big thanks to everyone listed below who took the time to tell subtext just what they were flippin' through this past year. It's proven to be a "popular feature" in these pages and will continue to appear. Yippee!

Oooh yeh, in 1992...subtext will be appear every 2nd column, giving me a chance to create for you, dear reader, a really rock-em sock-em kinda column that's well researched and all that jazz. Take care and, of course, happy reading always.

February — 12 Midnite
March — David Wisdom
April — Renee Rodin
May — Rick Gibson
June — Lisa Marr

July — Leigh R. Wolf
August — Randy Raine-Reusch
September — William Gibson
October — Nardward, the Human Serviette
November — Anna Banana

How to Have Fun over Christmas

by M. Jules Killam



the appliance section. Men, to the lingerie. Then go to the cashier's counter. When someone comes up to you, keep a straight face, look them in the eye and say, "May I help you?"

Christmas is kinda odd. It's not as good as St. Patty's day or Hallowe'en, but it's still pretty cool stuff. Now I'm a tired & true atheist, but still enjoy getting—I mean, um—uh, giving gifts. Hell, they can be fun even if you're doing the giving. Like, do you happen to know any Yuppies or any just plain Baby-Boomers? Okay, buy them something complex & electronic. Like a VCR. Then, in your most patronizing manner, teach them how to use it. This is my favorite way to make older people look dumb.

Well anyhow, how many people do you know who are really into sports? Now, how many like sex? Here's an idea on how to improve society that we should all wish for. Imagine malls replaced every sports store with a sex shop/lingerie shop, and vice-versa. Wouldn't life be a whole lot better?

So recently in *Discorder*. That mag from GTR blahblahblah, the Lunatic Fringe had a grammar lesson on the word "Fuck. Very funny stuff indeed. But, they failed to point out that Fuck can be used as an interjection & of itself thusly: "Fuck!"

But now I'm just being silly. Nothing terribly unusual. Silly is good; let's talk about silly, or how to get silly, or more precisely, how to do so by drinking. Christmas time is perfect for drinking. You've got a month and a half with a perfect reason to drink. Plus it keeps you warm if it snows. Here's my fave drink besides straight vodka: the Teddy Bear (a.k.a. Polar Bear). Into a stemmed coffee cup pour an ounce & a half Kahlua, then a dash of Amaretto. Fill with the milkiest hot chocolate possible and top with whipping cream. Perfect for

nights when your lover just feels like cuddling but you're in the mood to bone the night away.

If we're gonna talk sex, here's another fabulously fun thing to do. Christ-

mas Eve. Inner thigh. Get a tasteless & kinky tattoo to surprise your mate with. Why not? Think of it as a piece of highly personal art.

On the art theme—I know this is supposed to be a music mag, but I feel I have to suggest people help out painters or sculptors too—go to any of the galleries in Gastown and pick up a cheap piece for any of your artsy friends. I suggest Smash 'cause they're actually got affordable stuff.

Of course, all your shopping should be done around Gastown since that seems to be where all the fab shops are located. Which does make sense because in any city, the cheap stuff is always near the beggars who are always near the touristy shit. Besides, you can feed your vanity. All those Florida diadems on cruise ships will love taking your picture.

If you're teased with a politically correct friend, be generous. Get them a frontal lobotomy. They're all assholes. I hate that fucking bunch.

So I'm trying to figure out what to get gift-wise for one of my friends. It's tough 'cause I can't think of what she's really into. I can't recall what I got her last year (course, I can't recall last weekend either). I think I'll cop-out & do what my parents do when they're stumped for ideas: get her clothes. Y'know, a shirt with an eco-friendly message or something. She actually believes in all that. Of course the only reason I can say this 'cause no-one I know reads this stuff. Or at least, who looks at the name of the writer.

Anyhow. Gifts. The best gifts are unique. But that doesn't mean you have to search for the one & only of something. You could just get a unique variation. There's this fellow in my poetry class who has (well it's really his wife's) a baby blue Blockhead shirt. Not white, baby-fucking-blue. I'm not suggesting you get one of his shirts, though. They're too damn expensive now.

You could always pick yourself up a new addiction. There's got to be some potentially harmful habit out there that you don't currently have. Some of my personal favourites (though not that harmful): caffeine or nicotine, or you could go all out and find an odd one. Sex in glass elevators with dead farm animals. Benilyn DM. Or the *creme de la creme*, sucking puss out of blisters. And while you're finding yourself a new addiction, lobby your MLA. See if you can get drugs legalized. That would be a cool Christmas gift.

And here's one of my personal wishes while we're talking fatal behaviour. If I'm due to die this joyous holiday season, please let me be caught pitching the woo by a jealous husband and then promptly shot dead. And if so, I know what I want on my headstone, "Help! I've died and I can't get up."

Assuming your blessed with a vcr, rent a movie, and what the hell, copy it. Some suggestions: *The Hunger*, *Mr. Mike's Mondo Video*, *Rapso Man*, *Koyaanisqatsi*, and, of course, the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. I'd suggest starting your search at Videomatica 'cause I hear they stock some pretty weird shit. Don't have a vcr? Use the one your stupid parents can't work.

Y'know what'd be great? If we had control over our own culture. I don't want to be spoon-fed society's pabulum 'cause the elder

types don't think we can decide what we want by ourselves. We are not the pathetic, gibbering fools they were. We know what we like. And the shit is out there.

Now, I'm no music critic or anything, but the best local tune-age I've heard lately is on Spiral Record's new sampler, *Sound Generator Volume II*. The best progressive/electronic bands from Vancouver including: List of Mrs. Arson, Drill, Swan-yard, Sect, Emily Faryna, Doed 21, Alchemist, & so on.

Of course, not all gifts need be serious; some can be frivolous. This guy I know, Bilesh (and yes, Virginia, that's how you spell it) mentioned how he would like an inflatable coil of Marianne from Gilligan's Island. Not for kinky purposes though. He just likes weird shit. He's given me a keychain with a cigar-smoking Maggie Thatcher. Now that's something I really want show my fervently British parents.

Fashion tip. Get yourself a uselessly thin, 2nd hand trench coat for winter. Then when people ask if you're cold, you can say no & proudly declare yourself a punk elitante.

For myself, I'd like to meet some filthy rich, hedonistic, educated anarchist this season. Sounds like that could be very fun and profitable. That is, until I realize that someone who's a lot like me, only richer, would be just as annoying and dangerous to my health. I'd still like to though.

If you're feeling generous, you could give away your Morissey concert shirt. I would, but I'd feel like a commercialized guppy if I'd bought a shirt so I didn't. But fuck that was a cool concert. When the people in the reds rushed to the floor, beautiful. Here's a little flabit of highly suspect, totally unreliable information about the show that I heard. Apparently, it was supposed to go on in longer (Seattle got two encores), but when security couldn't control the crowd, they cut the show short. Stupid gits. I would've loved a second encore.

Back to reality. What would like for x-mas? Well, I'd like to see the end of enviro-hypocrisy. Especially the idiots who laughed at my dad for getting a recycling job before I was even born. What the fuck, I'd like to see the death of every fucking smug-assed Baby-Boomer. Face it. They truly are a bunch of useless lepers. Their lives are shit.

But what I'd really like to see is people getting en-thused, being vocal. It used to be simple to find people who were angry about injustice. These days though, blah. Apparently younger women feel they have no more need to fight for equality—that they have enough & are content. What happened? Have the Baby-Boomers utterly brainwashed us by relieving the 60's? These days people don't even want to go out and have fun. I'm tired of

sitting around and asking all my friends. "So, uh, what do you want to do to-night?" In fact, I wish it were that good. Most of the time it's "You wanna do something?" I mean I'd like to see action, life, excitement. Then throw in some mistletoe and lots of Bailey's Irish Cream & we could have a decent X-mas season. Peace, everyone.



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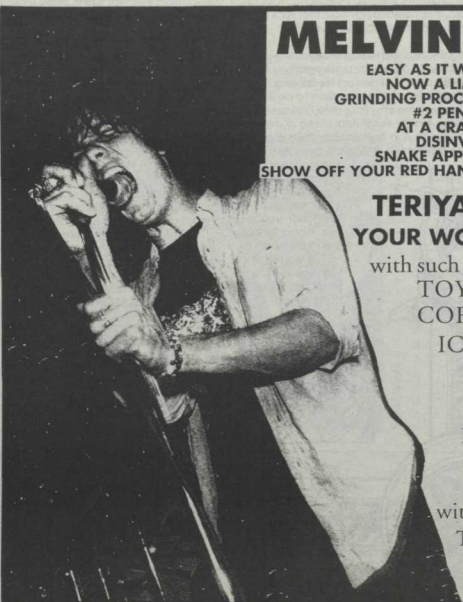


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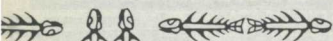
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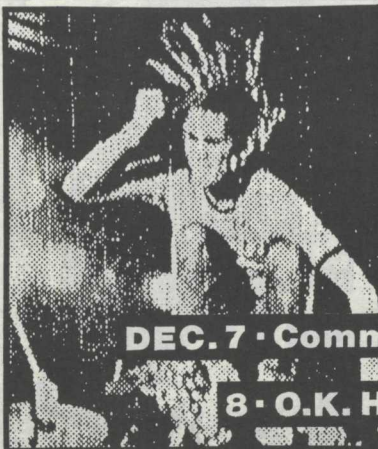
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Okay people—if you think this month's installment of Shindig is a tad opinionated, you're right. I've had enough of this boring, blasé, butter-brained bullshit that passes for live reviews of what is supposed to be a vibrant, unpredictable and chaotic event! Subjectivity and controversy are what fuels Shindig year after year; if the bands aren't going to provide it, dammit, I will. If you don't agree, write a letter and tell me to get lost.

OCTOBER 21

Just Add Water—Sometimes if one tries to be "original," "unconventional," or just plain "wacky," the results can be disastrous. Especially if one just doesn't have that certain *je ne sais quoi* that separates the truly inspirational from the rest of us schmucks who are forever doomed to tell jokes that only we laugh at. No, Just Add Water weren't that bad, just pretty damned close. "Those who fear originality can leave now!" exclaimed Mr. Lead Singer before launching into the first of their intellectual-jazz-funk-rock numbers. If boring lyrics and overplaying your bass are sure-fire signs of originality, I'd give Just Add Water full points and leave it at that. What really got my goat was one song which put down the seventies (the decade of my childhood) even though their music was the most derivative 70s dross I've had to listen to all week! The gall! What an insult! Oh heck—n't just guys, (not everyone at my table disliked them as much as I did) but I ain't here to write wimpy critiques anymore. Just Add Water finished last.

Allen and the Psycho—I know this funk-punk (here it comes...) CHILI PEPPERS stuff is spreading faster than the bubonic plague (and is about as welcome in my books). I also know that Allen and the Psycho have enough redeeming qualities for them to transcend the restrictions of their genre and do something really original. If you don't have a good drummer, it's tough to play good music, and Allen and the Psycho had one hot, hot, hot, dynamo of a backbeat-maestro behind the ol' drum kit. Both the bassist and guitarist are solid and fast, and the music was

driving, loud, and fun. My only big complaint was that the singer had a whiny and sometimes annoying voice which detracted from the music, although visually he reminded me of a taller and ganglier Chai Pig. I'd say the real saving grace for the Psychos was their lack of posturing or "we're so funky" attitude, which makes most funk-rock outfits look so ridiculous. If the Psychos used more original ideas to build on the solid base they have now, I'd be won over. Allen and the Psycho finished in 2nd place.

Mystery Machine—This band has to be the best-kept secret in Chilliwack, which is unfortunate for you, and unfortunate for them. Quite simply stated, the Machine played one of the most inspiring sets by a local act I've seen in a long time. Yeah sure, "they're just another guitar band," they play loud, and they're influences are not that hard to miss: a well-blended mix of Sonic Youth, Nirvana, and Dinosaur Jr. would give you the general idea. To imply that Mystery Machine are simply rehashing all that indie-rock stuff would be unfair; they can play, they can write, and they can blow the roof off the Railway Club. Mystery Machine won the night and proceeded to the semi-finals.

OCTOBER 28

The Holy Cows—I really can't remember that much about this band, which could be either a good or bad sign, depending on how you look at it. Kinda gangery and kinda indifensive. There was one song which really stood out above the others, which allowed the Holy Cows to rise above the competition and take #1 spot for the evening. Oh yeah, dig that groovy paper-mache cow.



dose pump



photos by Len Whistler

Dose Pump—On reputation and image alone, I was expecting to really hate this band before they even played a single note. Dose Pump certainly fit into the Club Soda/Violet Addiction scene image-wise, but when it came time for them to play, my preconceptions were proven to be somewhat erroneous. Again, a lack of attitude (for the most part) allowed Dose Pump's simple rock songs to stand on their own without a deluge of ooh-baby-yeah-yeah shit. Most of the music was based on ripped-off Keith Richards riffs, but what's so bad about that? Rock and Roll, maaaaaan. Dose Pump drew a solid second place.

Three Crusaders—The first time I saw Three Crusaders I was overjoyed to relive some old long-forgotten youth group memories and have a good laugh. But I suppose for most people who had a more secular upbringing, the "joke" of Three Crusaders has won kinda thin. I still think a group of non-Christians singing folk-rock versions of spiritual songs is pretty funny, but even the good Lord above was probably covering his ears this Monday night. Three Crusaders were exceedingly sloppy, and performed some of the most painful singing I've heard this year. Apparently this was their last gig, which might be a good thing. Perhaps it'll be better for everyone involved if they pack it in and move on to other pursuits (or concentrate on their other bands). Oh yeah—and since they played mostly covers, they sort of disqualified themselves anyway. Three Crusaders finished third.

NOVEMBER 4

Jesuit Refugee—I knew something unpleasant was going to occur when the Railway began filling up with obnoxiously fresh-faced young beer commercial actors. I was right. Jesuit Refugee were perhaps the most lame-assed watered-down act I've had to tolerate in my lifetime. What made their performance even more painful was the incessant cheering of their friends/fans/interested who constantly satiated their need to howl and cheer everytime the lead singer moved. Sometimes I think I'm being too critical and harsh of the bands in this column; however, when groups such as Jesuit Refugee rear their ugly heads I can't help but do my best to stamp out their existence as a musical entity as quickly as possible. At least "justice" prevailed... Jesuit Refugee placed distant, dead-as-a-doorknob, duller-than-ditchwater LAST PLACE. And I thought 3000 B.C. sucked. Sheesh!

Facepuller—Vancouver's hands-down loudest band took the stage next. Sporting only "half of their shit," the puller still managed to damage ears and move bowels all the way to the dart games at the back of the Railway. I really can't say that Facepuller break any new ground musically or lyrically ('coz I can't hear the lyrics)—they're just real damn loud. And with the pathetic competition on this night it was no surprise to me, anyways) that Facepuller took first place.

The Way—Not as foul and pestilent as Jesuit Refugee. The Way were just really dull. Sorta second rate hippie-folk Dire Straits. There was a glimmer of hope as they pounded out an extended guitar solo which actually really kicked - but maybe that's because I used to listen to nothing but Pink Floyd when I was fourteen. I've got this strange appreciation for guitar wanking. Anyway, The Way finished in second place.

NOV 11: SECOND ROUND SEMI-FINALS

The victorious few gathered together again for an all-star rematch. Here's how the judges saw it:

1st Place: Mystery Machine

It was no surprise to me that the "Machine took the night's big prize. Some complained that Mystery Machine sound "too derivative," others thought their hair was too long. I thought they kicked butt.

2nd Place: The Holy Cows

The surprise runner-up, the "Cows managed to convince enough of the judging population that their no-frills approach to the good old rock 'n' roll song was worth getting excited about. I liked 'em more than I did in the preliminaries, especially because this time the singer destroyed their paper mache cow. Next time they should set fire to it. They also win the Rory Tait's Obscure Lyric Writing Award for "don't you know that sperm...whales...go...decease!"

3rd Place: Facepuller

Nah, Facepuller didn't deserve to come in last, but unfortunately that's the downside of being graded on a curve. Tonight the puller sounded better - but they still seem to me to be hampered by a lack of real ass-kicking songs. I don't mean I wanna hear some "catchy hooks", just something that drills into my brain and won't let up.

Personally I think the drumming and guitar playing relies too much on standard, tired-out "punk rock." It's just a theory, but I think if Facepuller spent some time moving away from song structures and into pure power-noise mania, I'd be more enthusiastic.

Yup. That's all folks! Third Round of Shindig is now underway at the Railway; come on down to check it out. Three bands, Jokes for Beer, lotsa fun. The finals will be at the new Cruel Elephant on Friday, December 13. Don't be late. Bye for now!

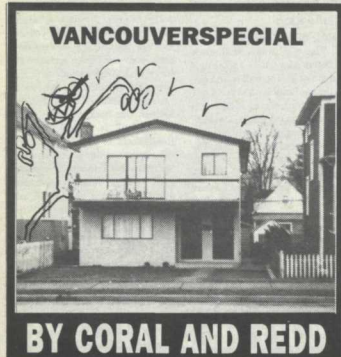
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687 5803





This is the resurrection of the hotbed of *Discorder*. If you are interested in helping us become aware of what's happening as far as the local music scene goes or if you just have something interesting to share (no, that doesn't include personal problems or good restaurants) contact us at Vancouver Special CTR Radio, 6138 SUB Blvd, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1Z1

The people you will be contacting are: Redd McClann and Coral Short. Halloween at the Cruel Elephant brought together two bands that I have wanted to see on the same bill for a while: Superconductor and Faccupeller...oh yah... and Dogzilla and Victim's Family acting as sandwich bread. Nirvana covers for everyone. But the rock 'n' roll question Vancouver Special asks is about the new members of Superconductor vie for space on the new Small-circumference stage with a multi-round Sumo wrestling tournament or should they just give all the space to the ones with the hot licks and all the stylish moves?

Alien and the Psycho played on "Live From Thunderbird Hall" put on by Nordwar on CTR, November the 7th and they ripped it up there in Thursdays at 9 or 10-ish for good Canadian music and happenings local bands playing live. Other bands playing are Sparkmarker, Just Add Water and GoGuy.

LOCAL DEMO REVIEWS

SPARKMARKER: At the Seaweed gig which was put on by Kim, bassist of Sparkmarker, the new (well sort of new) Sparkmarker demo was acquired. It was surprisingly better than I remember them being live, having seen them several times. They are definitely a good band—there was a Fugazi/NoMeansNo sound. How much more likeable can you get?

KISS N BANG: Had me writing in my bedroom until the constriction of my crushed-velvet jumpsuit rendered me immobile. If I wanted to be honest, I'd say I listen to Skin Yard instead of suffer this abuse. I hope the nasty pain in the middle of my back goes away and the folks that pawn themselves off as role

PHINEAS GAGE:...Three song demo. I started reading something half way through the first song and before I knew it the tape was over. Sorry Phineas, maybe next time.

THROTTLE BODY: Most cool cover ever by Thom Whalen. Most heavily produced rock but the lead has a way of cooing condemnation that's pretty swell. After that it's all kind of hummy teenage goose pimp stuff. Someone give me the zip-code for Beehive so I can throw this one back where it belongs.

JACK FEELS FINE: Dry, dead leaves and a black and white photograph lying amongst them are on the cover. As well, the cassette sports a tie-dyed label. An extremely kicked back band. They are so tranquil it is unbelievable. During the song "Uncle Eugene's Tractor", the singer makes Indian chanting noises while the second song, "Somebody Jack Dies On T.V.", is way more pop. Jack Feels Fine are similar to the late 60s/early 70s spirit of the Skydivers. They are on the charts at CTR so that must mean something, eh?

SOCAN: Yeah, this ripped! "Lies, Lies, Lies" by Socan, produced by Marc Stewart—I think this info is correct, it was all very confusing because it didn't have a cover. A good tight hardcore tune. Boy, after you hear this you know that punk rock is not dead.

PICTURE PAINTINGS: Pleasurably listening. Grapes of Wrath with a kick, a twist, more energy. Talent and Funk. My roommate says they are beat-ish and country-ish and R.E.M.-ish.

E.W.I.G.: I'm glad I saved this one for last. All the best ideas Cop Shoot Cop without the annoying electro tunes. Just over three minutes of a warped medieval containing Lower Rider, some Beatles songs and the Three's Company theme. Pure genius on a ninety minute JVC9030 normal.

Oh yah, as many know, Ten Feet Tall have broken up. Kyle, the lead singer quit and is starting up a new band. He is totally optimistic about getting back up on stage in the next few months. He left the band for a while, but now, which he seems to have a lot of. Best of luck to both bands. Hope the lyric suing thing works out if it hasn't already.

Upcoming gigs include S.N.F.U. on Dec 6 at the New York Centre for a whopping \$1000. Guest Quest Co-Op are providing Vancouver with another local hardcore extravaganza at the Arcadian Hall (Main/HKingsway) on the 7th of December with some of our all time best bands; Procreation, BNU, The Hate Crew, and the new band, Truk, Mystery Machine and Laughingstock (from Victoria) for a measly six bucks. This Guest Gig is a benefit for the funding of future Guest gigs and had better be supported by all of you if you know what's good for you.

If you want to send us YOUR demo, send it to the address at the beginning of the column. Our goal for next month is fourteen demos!



Welcome to Future Rap! What's on this month's agenda? Well, a few recent, and some more recent releases have been waiting to be reviewed.

If you are looking for something totally "Phunky" I strongly suggest you pick up the Cypress Hill CD. These rappers incorporate some Spanish lingo, plunkly rhyming styles, and crazy samples galore. The style these homes faunt is hype and it's easy to get into, and hard to get out of. Some truly slamin' hits are, "Hand On The Pump" (DOPE), "Latin Lingo", and my absolute favorite, "Psychosocial breakdown" (Yeah Buddy!). Each homes flows with rhymes landing right on the beat. These guys are totally right on the beat, totally hip, and use their talent to create a fuckin' funky loop of tunes to groove to. I don't get me wrong, the best idea I got was on the dancefloor. It's just chill...it's all. Brothers were "Born To Get Busy." Peace.

Did you know that Sister Souljah, a new "limited" member of Public Enemy, has released a CD—single? It contains 4 tracks (LP version, Radio version, Instrumental, and Acapella) of the song titled, *The Final Solution; Slavery's Back In Effect*. This hit suggests that since blacks (who were tested) did not meet up to standards they were below the average educational level and slavery should be placed back in effect. Sister Souljah screams: "We are at War!" and the noisymusic sets in. She warns her people to beware of who is an enemy and a friend. Although Sister Souljah doesn't really have a great rapping voice, but rather an angry yell, she manages to pull off this serious tune. Her tone is strong, concerned, and best of all determined to make clear her position.

3rd Bass has just released the *3rd Bass Theme a.k.a. Portrait of an Artist as a Hood* including 3 mixes on it. Doesn't this title sound familiar? Yes, because it is from the Def Jam/Columbia release, "Derelets of Dialect", that was out some time ago. This new stuff doesn't seem to meet up to their previous LP. Less original? Less fun? I dunno.

Yeah, Compton's Most Wanted has done it again. What a smooth deal this latest hit, *Straight Check N' Em..is*. This 13 track CD is

produced and arranged by DJ Spill and Unkunkun. The intro slides as it glides over past hits, a reflection of the last release. Explicit lyrics are dropped, funky loops are tossed, and accented lyrics are rolled. Some topics discussed are getting' gaffed by the cops and caught with possession of drugs (Hah, Hah! Heh!) The CD from Boys N The Hood, "Grownin' Up In The Hood", appears on this CD and here bitches' n' money come into discussion. If you are aware of Compton's Most Wanted's style, from the last CD, well, it continues onto this one. There are plenty of samples used as is the case with most rap releases. "I Don't Dance" as well as, "Driveby Miss Daisy" are intelligently written and these brothers continue to maintain that of being on that other level, check! Level!

Above The Law has come out with a new EP called *Vocally Pimpin'*. It contains 9 tracks, 3 tracks being different remixes of "4 the Funk of it" which is an upbeat, sure-to-be hit! "Play Your Game" discusses various types of females and how to deal with these many, what seem to be complicated, situations. "Wicked" is a real smooth release that hopefully will receive much airplay. Crazy high-pitched whistles squeak throughout, "Dose of the Mega Flex", and head-bobbing keep the listener busy. This release's executive producers are Eric "Easy-E" Wright and Laylaw. Cold 187am and KMG know exactly what time it is. Their kickin' the vouch on the reality tip as they see it, as the funkettes and the new funksters add extra vocals to some of the tunes. Who's "Livin' Like Hustlers?" You got it.

The boyz holding the pimp clinic man! ATL!

Upon taking another listen to Biz Markie's recent release *I Need a Hand*, I realized that this guy has talent. A lot of the songs, such as "Road Block", and "T.S.R." are really humorous. The Bizkicks crazy knowledge about relationships, lessontoalms ("What Comes Around Goes

Around"), and the life of a confused kid actin' ("Black Wild"). This 13 track tape is produced by Biz Markie for Biz Markie Productions...Piano chords are dropped, scratches are...scratched? (7) and Biz's lingo is flabbergasted and disoriented but steady babbling. Thank goodness and respect due to those who are able to maintain their style and originality and can still make it and be damn!

From Seattle comes a superbly cassette single: The N.W. posse featuring MC Over Dose's tape consists of 2 hot tunes called "What Up Black", which has a freaky synthesize-happenin' in the background as well as mega-doses of George Clinton (Parliament) samples, and on the flip-side, "Hot Mama", which is sure to get plenty of attention. MC Over Dose has got the rhymes and definitely knows what time it is! Let's hope to hear from this crew in the near future. "Kickin' the Bass In Your Face!" Word.

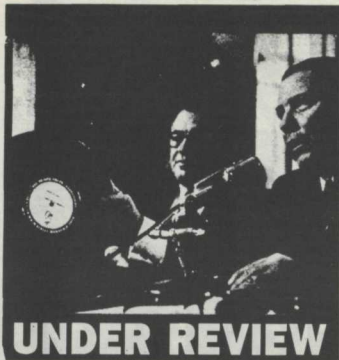
The Righteous Black Guerrillas have a 5 song tape called *Tape Assassins*. "Not a Dance Tune" is a flowin' hit with samples of Public Enemy and thanks sent out to several black leaders who play an important role in the spreading of the Muslim religion. These Righteous Black Guerrillas are more than ready to spread the truth and their messages are deep. Give these brothers a chance. "As Salaam-Alaikum."

I managed to catch a real quick listen to Tim Dog's new cassette. I can't remember any names but can summarize it as a few simple words: this brother from the Bronx does not like N.W.A. and has made it very clear throughout the majority of the tape!

Someone borrowed my new Ice Cube *Death Certificate* and has not returned it yet so you miss out until the next time to see this review. Damn! This Cube is canin' major controversy for real. It's already been on the news for making so-called innocent racial comments directed towards the Koreans and the Jewish communities. The release is very explicit and indiscoverable from its many intentions. Cube strikes back at N.W.A. with a song called "No Vaseline", and discusses the necessity and use of precautions, and the outcome of not being protected, during sex. Ice Cube has showed himself bold and has picked up on the feelings of Muhammad. This has definitely influenced some of his written material. I WANT MY TAPE BACK NOW!!!

Who deserves the position of #1 talent this month? Well this should come as no surprise. Cypress Hill. Keep Kickin' the Phunky Lingo (Hohmes)





UNDER REVIEW

DAS ICH DIE Propheten Danse Macabre

If you need a brief respite from Einstürzende Neubauten's latest recording you might give Das Ich a try. This German group's CD release *Die Propheten* offers a similarly dark vision of humanity. (Too much Nietzsche?) Clearly on the pessimistic, gothic side of the musical spectrum Das Ich's sound relies on a brooding heaviness that is set off against vocals that are a mixture of Blech and, if you can imagine, Joel Grey (circa *Cabaret*). The lyrical content is all blackness, despair and pessimism and deals with subject matters such as self-loathing, hate, war, betrayal, and any other number of bad human traits. This is truly a depressing listen, yet done with enough cleverness to be fun. Particularly good are the tracks "Es Ist Ja Krieg (It Is War)", "Satan's Neue Kleider (Satan's New Clothes)", "Kain Und Abel" and "Final". So...before you go to celebrate the end of the cold war and the dawn of the new world order give Das Ich a whirl.

Peter Sicking

THE MUFFS "New Love" 7" single Sympathy For The Record Industry

Here's a great new single to remind us about real rock and roll: the kinda stuff that guys like the Beach Boys and the Ramones made. Excellent, melodic punk-pop-rock and roll. This band features two ex-Pandoras, who left the band at its heavy metal push to discover real music again, fun music. And the Muffs is it. This record has three great songs on it that feature amazing harmonized vocals from everybody in the band: Kim Shattuck (ex-Pandora bassist) on lead guitar, Melanie Vammen (ex-Pandora organist) on rhythm guitar, Ronnie Barnett on bass, and Criss Grass (famously over the West coast for lotta stuff, including being a Fastbacks drummer in, like, '77) on drums. The Muffs hail from Orange in California and are a really great, great band. They've been to Vancouver once before, but only a pocketful of people saw 'em, so next time be there...it's really fun!

Grant Lawrence

MR. T EXPERIENCE "Sex Offender"/"Last Time I Listened To You" 7" single Vital Music

This is the best single of the year. It puts Nirvana's "Sliver" to shame, hence, why it is so very hard to find. Too bad, it's the best, I mean it. The Mr. T Experience is one of the more popular "fun punk" bands that emerged mid-eighties and are still keeping the torch steadily burning here in '91. A friend told me that MTX were finished, that they had run out of songs; my friend, you are fucked. "Sex Offender" is one of the truly great anthems of rock and the flipside, "Last Time I Listened To You", is so fucking good my needle constantly skips while I'm playing it because I'm stomping up and down in raw satisfaction of good music. End of review.

Grant Lawrence

DEAD SURF KISS Narcotic Nirvana BMG

YOW! I was expecting a grungefest, since the majors seem to be drooling over this type of band these days, what with Nirvana, L7 and Mudhoney getting the royal treatment—usually afforded long-metal bands. This band opened for Pearl Jam last month and, apparently, are rather popular 'round these parts. So why does this album sound like sloppy death metal? Was there a mix-up at the plant and were the cassettes accidentally filled with the now Morgoth LP, or what? These guys definitely need a leather wardrobe and a logo, or at least a Violets Addition add. Although the lyrics aren't about steaming emeralds and souls rendered like wishbones, this is the worst metal riffing I have heard since the last Exodus mess. Actually, the second half of the LP gets better and "Jesus Saves"/"My Night Under Her" tend to rock okay but this hardly makes it worth your time. And why do they mention North Hollywood so much in the credits? Dave Ogilvie does a good job produc-

ing this, as usual, but Dead Surf Kiss should throw their pitch to the metal kids, 'cause the thrash crowd won't dig this.

MOFO

THE SMITHEREENS Blow Up Capitol

The first exposure I had to this album was at work (I work in a record store). I was filling away some CD's when the first track, "Top of the Pops," came on. Now, at that time, I had no plans to review the album, nor did I even know what record was being played, but I remember asking a co-worker, "Is this the new Squeeze album?" Imagine my embarrassment when he told me it was the Smitherens' new one, *Blow Up*. Could've sworn that was Glen Tilbrook singing lead. Funny thing is (funny "ha-ha" or funny "peculiar"), after hearing the second song, "Too Much Passion" I had to go and actually look at the CD cover to convince myself that it was Jeff Healey's *Atanarjuat*, now I am reviewing it, and *Blow Up* does not entirely sound like Squeeze material, or Jeff Healey, for that matter.

The group's third album may not be anything surprising or innovative but they still have a knack for combining slick, stylish and smart-ass lyrics with a jumpy college bar band beat. "Get A Hold of My Heart" features Carlene Carter on backing vocals and has a country rocking tilt. "Girl in Room Twelve" will cause you to digress to their previous album and the single "A Girl Like You." One exceptional cut is "Evening Dress" in which singer Pat DiNizio stretches his vocals and sounds remarkably like Elvis Costello of late. "Indigo Blues" is an attempted plunge into Stevie Ray Vaughan with a stick in your head chorus.

"Anywhere You Are" has a distinctive Doors keyboard sound and is arguably the most unique and intriguing cut off the album. Hold it, this is one of those damn tribute album delusions, or what? Who cares. The point is, while the Smitherens may not have walked the musical tightrope on this one, they're still good enough, smart enough, and doggone it, people like them.

Lee-Ann Hooker

THE HAFLETR TRIO Kill the King Staalplatt (Holland)

This is what industrial music was before slimy Al Jourgensen got his mitts on it. The Hafle Trio follow the obscurity method that Zoviet France uses: putting their works out in elaborate, oldpackaging, without liner notes, and barely identifying themselves at all on the disc. The album consists of seven songs, which only register as one track on the CD, which means you gotta fast forward to the song you wanna hear. But, then again, if you're twisted enough to buy this you'll want to sit through the whole 73 minutes every time anyway, won't you? Well, I would, but I'm funny that way. The Hafle Trio are a self-described "sound research group" whose work solely relies on the nature of sound and frequency manning. The music is very ambient and unsettling for the uninitiated, evidenced by my roommates wanting to cut my appendages off after the first 15 minutes. After 45 minutes I wanted to cut my own appendages off, too, but that's what I like about industrial music. No point recommending this to anyone since this is so rare you can't get it easily anyway. However, fans of industrial music without a beast will love this.

MOFO

BLUR Leisure EMI

So there you are, thinking it is safe to take off those lewde beads and use those tie dyes as dust rags, reckoning that this sixties retrospice might be pestering out and along comes Blur. Boy, have these guys got news for you. Don't fret, they promise, it'll be practically painless.

"She's So High," the first track, mixes echo guitars with richly textured guitar and a hummable, albeit repetitive, chorus. "Bang" a song about the drudgery of everyday life (a favourite subject among British dance bands), is a memorable, catchy dance tune and not surprisingly the album's second single. If you've not heard of Blur at all think of them as The La's with an attitude. One problem though is that while musically they've mastered the art of emulating

the era of psychedelia lyrically they sometimes miss the mark. A case in point is "Bad Day": "Do you do anything you do?/Do you want anything you want?/An apparent attempt to cleverness winds up being boring and repetitive. Luckily, there are enough exceptions to save the listener. One track, ironically titled "Repetition," is a good example. Reminiscent of XTC's, Dokes of Sinuspherses venture into the mid-eighties, it's a loopy, senseless plunge into pinstriped, straight from the backward guitar solo to the nasally English accent of Blur's lead singer. Winning the award for most interesting cut is "Sing" with its dreamy lyrics, yet plucky, unrelenting piano throughout. Just when you're set to drift into a comfortable coma guitars dripping with feedback invade the song's sleepy, trance-like mood. Hook on its heels comes "There's No Other Way," the funky dance oriented first single. Other potential hit material includes "Food," "High Cool," and "Birthday," the ultimate ode to self-pity.

With all of the psychedelic influenced stuff available lately *Leisure* manages to go the extra mile and presents it in a believable fashion. And if this review doesn't convince you check out the album cover; the flowered rubber bathing cap is reason enough to buy it.

Lee-Ann Hooker

UNLEASHED Where No Life Dwells Century Media

More music of the mill death metal. Musically, they draw far too heavily on other bands. They blend it together well, and show promise, but there are only small hints of originality. Lyrically, there's just the usual crap: corny and uninspired. There is a standard of "And the Laughter Has Died," with a Sabbath feel and nifty lyrics about killing trends: "Man of fashions flow-die! Time has come to say good-bye! We spit on your grave..." In case I was being unfair (I couldn't take their silly Norse myth references seriously) I asked "Shad", Aryan and Thor comics reader, for his comments: "Total Sepultura wannabes. I've heard those riffs somewhere [Slayer] before."

Dave

MOFO'S PSYCHOSONIC PICKS OF THE MONTH

This month this cat is going to give you a handy and quick guide to the TV star-cum-song stylist scene. I will leave out the ones whose shows cast them as singers such as The Monkees (did you see Mickey DeLuz on *Acting Crazy* last week? The guy is a charades GOD!) or David Cassidy (the poor sap who's come-back NO-ONE takes seriously even though the LP doesn't suck THAT badly). I'm gonna talk about the ones whose managers decided it would be a wiser career move to jam them in the studio to bark out a record in time for sweeps week. I guarantee, this stuff is PROPER!

LEIF GARRETT: This yo-yo starred in a TV show which I cannot remember the title for. It must have

been a hot item for the year it was on because he was poster boy for that year and came out with three LPs—the last two of which are very hard to find. This stuff is steaming bad.

Camp value: 45%. You'd thought he had to see the show.

Cover pose - Full shot. Height of '70's fashion (or fans of DEE-ite).

Girls buy this seductive look.

Style - Cheap pop.

Hit single - Who gives a damn.

DAVID SOUL: Starkey, I think, or was it Hatch? Low acting talent except for Salem's Lot. This guy appealed to fans of Bread (don't get me started on Bread, man), eked a living doing Fantasy Island and Love Boat and probably sells Amway now. Camp value: 65% - Good

music for the socially retarded.

Cover pose - Close shot. Loxa fems.

Wicker. Thoughtful, sensitive pose for the Foglers crystals crowd.

Style - Ballads, ballads, ballads.

Hit Single - "Don't Give Up on Us Baby".

JOHN TRAVOLTA: You know him, you love him. My favorite Scientist who blew a good role (for him) in *Look Who's Talking* by being in the sequel. Lotta variety in the music as a result of the musical work but the earliest stuff gets most lifts as parties.

Camp value - 99% - (pre-Grease stuff/gems) - 75% - (Grease and beyond; people over 25 know all the words, even though they deny it) Cover pose - Head shot. Barbarino smirk.

Hit Single - "Let Her In" (excruciating).

DISHONOURABLE MENTION: DON JOHNSON - This puppy's last album was so bad that he had to go back to his old job of leeching off of Melanie Griffith. His stuff is too bad to even be cool. Pick up Philip Michael Thomas' LP *Living The Book Of My Life* for some solid luffs, if you can find it.

GOT A TRULY OBSCURE, TRASHY OR ODD, RARE LP THAT WOULD THRILL ME? Just send the name of the record (only vinyl counts) and yours truly will hunt it down. Leave your name too so I have someone to blame (plus I'll sell out and send you an equally odd LP for the effort).

Do Mikes Have More Fun?



FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF JOIN the club. For information write: Mikes of America, Box 676, Minneapolis, MN 55440. Gift memberships available.



THE EVAPORATORS
House Party at 13th and Nanaimo
Friday November 1

Most people who've been around and have come around in the "alternative rock not" spectrum of this town have (even though they may have not been fully aware) seen the Evaporators or at least heard of them. Yeah, they're the band fronted by Nardwar of CTR and, yeah, the Evaporators are that band who play at the beginning of all the Nardwar Extravaganza shows. On occasion, the Evaporators are appreciated for their extremely exuberant performances but most often they are unfortunately on way too early being the "second people" for most Nardwar shows. Every time the Evaporators are a knock-out of something for whomever does see them but, ironically, the Nardwar Blowouts are not the most opportune chance to check them out.

My best Evaporators' experiences have always been at other locales and separate gigs. I've seen 'em on Halloween, at outdoor parks, on Whidbey Island, highschool gyms, even in the fucking Commodore at the ill-fated Tankhog "CD and cassette only" release show. Little did I know that after seven years of seeing the Evaporators every where my best experience would hit me on a drunk night at the bassist's house. It was some sort of stupid "post Halloween" party on Nov. 1 and a bunch of people, excluding myself, were dressed up. And, yes, the Evaporators were scheduled to play that very party. They set up in the bassist's bedroom on the main floor of the house and quickly rocked. Absolutely amazing. Totally absorbent punk music incredibly dubbed to myself and a bunch of shocked virgins, nimes and "hippies". Let me now say that most of the clientel at this siesta were idiot-people: fucking dopes. I don't know where they came from, anyways there was only a handful of people rocking to the group in that bedroom. They totally pounced out song after song, organ ripping, drum set rolling over, guitar buzzing like a fucking saw, and the bass, oh the bass! This huge classic Fender bass slung so low it was giving its master bruised shins. He plays the thing through a Marshall guitar amp

up and close the door. So Nardwar did it again. Bursting into the room with the Evaporator's hit "Citizen Freak" to back him, he attempted to put a stop to insultingly peaceful drumming. Kicking and punching he was in and out but this time one of them followed him. It was once again the "other" roommate who had already once put a stop to a good thing. "John!" the shrieked "John" is Nardwar's real name. Nardwar, rather shocked by an enemy in his territory remained silent as did the Evaporators awaiting more from this demon of beads and buckskin. "John! John!" she repeated. "John, stop it!" A chorus of "Fuck you", "Eat shit" and "Eat me" arose from the pent-up Evaporators spectators. "John, I like it. I like what you're doing...just stop coming into our space!" she pleaded. Nardwar, realizing he had power over the situation, screamed back in her face, "Why don't you come out here and we'll have a contest and we'll win!!!" He then gave her the finger. As she turned and retreated back to her beat-haven Nardwar confidently gobbled on the chick's back. Everybody in the room was in hysterics as the Evaporators launched into another song.

After a couple of minutes the hippies eventually gave up, picked up their kitchen-ware and left. While ascending up the staircase we bid them adieu with a wave of middle fingers cocked in their direction. Good night, eh? The rest of the evening was fairly uneventful. The Evaporators ran out of songs and we

Pegboy / Kaci Korth



cial number called "Ooo I'm Pregnant!" the Evaporators took a break all the while conspiring to go down to the basement in a few minutes to start up again.

And so they did. Now down in the basement there were two rooms: one which the Evaporators set up in and one that all the hippies had gathered in to drum. That's right, drum! They all had bongos, pots and pans, shaky things and all this percussion shit and were drumming up a fucking storm enough to wake Bill Graham from the "Dead". Of course the immediate wall of hatred went up: punks against squares. The Evaporators immediately started and immediately drowned the tribal beat next door. The hippies simply and passively got up and shut their door to block out most of the obnoxious rock. Of course Nardwar took this as a personal insult (who wouldn't) and mid-song took a run at the door, busting through it, screaming into the microphone, while knocking over drums and drummers alike. Like a cyclone of teenage hate he was in and out before the flower children's children could react. All they did was once again get

up and close the door. So Nardwar did it again. Bursting into the room with the Evaporator's hit "Citizen Freak" to back him, he attempted to put a stop to insultingly peaceful drumming. Kicking and punching he was in and out but this time one of them followed him. It was once again the "other" roommate who had already once put a stop to a good thing. "John!" the shrieked "John" is Nardwar's real name. Nardwar, rather shocked by an enemy in his territory remained silent as did the Evaporators awaiting more from this demon of beads and buckskin. "John! John!" she repeated. "John, stop it!" A chorus of "Fuck you", "Eat shit" and "Eat me" arose from the pent-up Evaporators spectators. "John, I like it. I like what you're doing...just stop coming into our space!" she pleaded. Nardwar, realizing he had power over the situation, screamed back in her face, "Why don't you come out here and we'll have a contest and we'll win!!!" He then gave her the finger. As she turned and retreated back to her beat-haven Nardwar confidently gobbled on the chick's back. Everybody in the room was in hysterics as the Evaporators launched into another song.

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week: a Mudhoney here, and a Tad over there, here's a Fluid, there's a Green River, everywhere a Screaming Tree...Anywho, local noisemongers Steel Wool hit the stage going full throttle through a set that sounded just like their name. Abrasive, hard and sometimes a little funky these guys did indeed know how to put on a show. Their antics on stage were living proof of what was written on the guitarist's t-shirt: "I'm hooked on oriental drugs". Truer words were never spoken.

Zip Gun let loose on the crowd a very tight n' fast 3 chord punk rock assault that had me running for cover.

These ex-Direllects showed why they were one of Seattle's longest running bands around and why marriage hasn't spoiled their image. Look for the Direllects' latest (and last) effort, *Don't Wanna Live*, on SUB POP and Zip Gun's 7" on Empty Records.

The Fluid! What more can I say? Their set consisted mostly of new material (and it sucks that I couldn't get it on tape because we won't see any vinyl in the near future) which had stage-divers flinging themselves around with no mercy and at one point almost shorting out bassist Matt's amp because of his cords getting ripped out from overageiness. Those tunes, mixed with favorites like "Black Glove" and "Candy" from *Glue*, "Is It Day?" and "Hooked" from *Roadhouse* and even "Cold Outside" from *Clear Black Paper*, proved these guys are itching to show everyone that they surely deserve a record deal and claim to major league status. Some comedy relief came in the form of Matt Lukin from Mudhoney bounding toward the front of the stage screaming, "Do a song for me, please!" With vocalist John replying, "Okay, this is (put song here) by Matt Lukin". From the back of the crowd came, "Fuck Matt Lukin!", which had both the band and the crowd in hysterics as we all turned to see that it was Mark Ann who made the witty comeback. All in all, this is a show that I'll remember for quite some time and until the next record comes out, Viva La Fluid!

Noah Pinion

all decided to call it a night staggering off into East Van's darkness.

Once again, the Evaporators legend lives on. If any one of you kids out there ever want to be reminded of a really satisfying time, where you can leave a gig feeling confident and refreshed, then find out where Nardwar and the Fabulous Evaporators are playing next. They will be sure to one time you all.

Grant Lawrence

THE FLUID
ZIP GUN
STEEL WOOL
O.K. Hotel, Seattle
Friday November 8

This being the Fluid's first show in a year and a half—and missing their last show because one of the guitarists broke a finger causing them to cancel—I wasn't about to dare miss this opportunity. So, within hours, I was on the bus foaming at the mouth with the chance to see this great Denver combo.

Upon arrival at the always packed, always stifling hot, O.K. Hotel, the crowd displayed a veritable plethora of band icons-of-the-

Maximum Blues Pub

presents the newest R&B room in town
in the HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Nov. 19-21 Nov 22-23	Sundogs A Special Appearance: Dutch Mason with the Drew Nelson Band
Nov. 25-29 Nov. 30 Dec. 2-7 Dec. 9-14	Gary Stevens Band The Clyde Roulette Band Karp Dog Brown & The Bloodhounds From Chicago: The Shirley Johnson Band
Dec. 16-21	Mike Jacobs Band

STUDENTS IN FOR FREE WITH I.D.
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CTR MOBILE SOUND
228-3017

Peg Boy
Twerdodub
Loot Bag
Cruel Elephant
Thursday November 14

I didn't get to see Loot Bag, however, I have never seen Twerdodub played to a suspiciously enthusiastic crowd. It didn't seem to matter to my friends that the bass burlied out of context and out of control. Neither did they mind the outrageous abuse of ska in some energetic but sloppy songs. Pegboy's frontman began their set in style, flipping everyone off and strutting around like the frat boy he could have been. His compatriot broke through when the bass player's amp blew. The singer exhausted his limited supply of stage chatter within the first ten seconds of the crisis. Finally, a gracious soul lent them his amp and the show went on. The band recovered well and ripped into the remainder of their musical selection with confidence and gusto. On the whole, the set was fast-paced and driving, punctuated by outbursts of ego from the lead singer, culminating with my personal favorite, "Hard Light".

Mindy Abramowitz

Smells Like Christmas Spirit...

by Chris Ullen

There he sat, a broken Grinch. Drool infested the stubble around his mouth and chin, his eyes were glazed over, and his body was hunched and drooping. From time to time he would slowly nod off, only to snap back into an upright position soon thereafter.

"Willie," slurred the Grinch thickly, "Get me another shot." The voice was so pitiful, so desperate, that Willie obliged, even though he knew that it was illegal to serve a man so obviously intoxicated.

The Grinch drank his boiler-maker pathetically, making slurping sounds and keeping his eyes shut tight. "Another one, Willie," he cried, after what seemed like just moments.

"No," Willie Who replied, fighting his natural Who tendency to be accommodating. "You've had enough, Grinch. Besides, your dog is still outside waiting for you. Thing's gonna freeze out there if you don't get going soon."

"The dog ain't gonna freeze, Willie. That's one tough dog." The Grinch had become painfully sociable now, and was rambling in a slurred, sing-song way. "I ever tell you about that dog at Christmas time. Shit, I tied a pair of antlers to his head, and a four ton sleigh to his tail, and that little mutt marched to the top of Mt. Crumpit without so much as a whimper. He ain't gonna freeze out there."

"But let me go on about that Christmas, Willie. That was the year I..."

"Look, Grinch. I've heard that goddamn Christmas story about a million times by now." It was closing time, and Willie was becoming one impatient Who. "Yer done your drink, so it's time to get the hell out. Go home, Grinch."

"Aw, hell, Willie. That's no way to talk to your best customer." With that the Grinch made

for the exit. But the inebriated Grinch didn't make the exit. No, he took a mighty spill. The Grinch fell over a chair, cracked his head on a table on the way down, and finally came to rest at the base of one of Willie's pool tables. The Grinch was out cold.

Well, Willie Who was a gruff man, but he was OK. He took the Grinch to Whoville General, where the doctors looked over him and decided the Grinch needed chest X-rays to find out if any ribs had been broken. One of the doctors, a young Wilbur Who, asked Willie why the Grinch looked so familiar.

"He's the guy that almost stole Christmas, back in '57. A little before your time, Doc, but you've probably seen him on that video they always show around Christmas time. He used to be big."

"Oh, that's right," replied the doctor, pretending to be interested in a has been video star. "So how come he's so down and out these days?"

"Well," said Willie, feeling the need to defend the Grinch. "He's had woman problems. After that Christmas thing, the Grinch moved into town. He opened a hardware store, and was a respected member of the community. Sometimes he would get a little mean, and rumors would start that he was up to his old tricks. And occasionally he would do something a little weird, like take a leak in the gas tank of old Wanda Who's Chevy, but for the most part, he stayed calm. Then he fell in love with young Wendy Who. She was only 17 at the time, but the two of them seemed to hit it off. She thought it was pretty cool to hang around with an old pop icon like the Grinch, and he thought she was the greatest thing since sliced bread. But then

she left him for another guy. Some guy named Kurt Cobain, the lead singer for a rock band called Nirvana. And it just broke the Grinch. That was about three weeks ago, and the Grinch has been on a binge ever since."

Willie went back to the bar, took the Grinch's dog Max in, and gave him some beef jerky. In the meantime, the doctor took his X-rays, and came to a startling conclusion. "The Grinch," said doctor Wilbur, "has fallen too hard. His heart has moved." Doctor Wilbur took his findings to the chief of surgery, an older woman who had been with the hospital seemingly forever.

"Are you sure the Grinch's heart hasn't just shrunk, Doctor? I know the Grinch has had that particular medical ailment in the past." The chief of surgery had also seen the Grinch's video.

"No, ma'am," replied Wilbur. Wilbur always called women of authority ma'am. "See on the X-ray, his heart has moved. It's still big, but it's no longer in the right place."

"Well, doctor, I guess we'd better prep him for surgery and attempt to rectify this situation." The chief of surgery was admired for her decisiveness.

When Willie got back to Grinch, though, he was bewildered. There sat the Grinch, awake, alert, and preparing to leave the hospital.

"Mr. Grinch, what are you doing?" asked Wilbur. The doctor in him noticed that while the Grinch's eyes had become an evil red, his mouth had reshaped itself into a permanent frown, and his fingers were nervously drumming. The good doctor also noticed that the Grinch had shaved himself, and was neat in an anal retentive way matched only by Pierre Trudeau, to whom the Grinch bore an uncanny resemblance.

"I, sir, am returning to where I belong. Where is my dog Max?" The Grinch's voice patronizing and full of disdain.

"Willie Who had him down at the Dew Drop Inn. But you can't leave. You're sick. Where will you go?"

"I can leave," replied the Grinch emphatically. "And I feel better than I have in years." The Grinch then exploded into a malicious grin, chuckled, and said with hatred, "As to where I am going, I will tell you, young doctor. I am going to steal Nirvana's popularity. Then I am going to make sure that Kurt Cobain dies a painful death." The Grinch then broke out into a howl of laughter that was more befitting a Halloween character than a Christmas one, and he left the hospital. "Look out Whoville," he shouted, as the hospital's automatic doors open for him. "The Grinch is back."

The first stop for the Grinch was the Dew Drop Inn, where he picked up his old compatriot Max. Max was getting on, but the old fellow still had amazing powers of stamina. He also had the dogged acceptance of a born victim, and the Grinch loved him for it. "I'm sure before all this is over, I'll think of something creative to tie to your head," the Grinch told Max, as the dog looked at him stupidly. "But first we must arm ourselves. Third amendment rights, you know." The Grinch, with Max in tow, then left the Dew Drop Inn, but before replacing three of the pickled eggs Willie kept in a jar at the bar with moldballs from the establishment's toilets.

The next stop, naturally enough (for Whoville is an American town in the same way that Nirvana is an American Band) was the gun store. The Grinch was careful to mind his manners in the gun store, and the fact that he had never been convicted for trying to steal Christmas entitled him to purchase a handsome, double-barreled .306 shot gun, otherwise known as a "thirty odd six."

"When this sucker rains, it pours," said the gun store proprietor with easy humor. "It's a little more expensive than the mail order version, but I can see you're in a hurry."

Well, the Grinch was in a hurry. He hurried back downtown to the local record store, and bought the new Nirvana CD. He tossed the actual disc on the street outside the store, but kept the back cover. You know, the one with a picture of Kurt Cobain trying to look tough by giving everyone that pout 20 bucks to hear his album the finger. "Look at that little fuck," the Grinch said to Max. "Thinks he's

the first guy ever to give somebody the finger. What a snotted little puke."

The Grinch then returned to his cave north of Whoville to work out the details of his plan. "The plan," he told Max, "is to make everyone hate Nirvana, then to off Cobain. See, if I just waste the guy now, while they're still popular, I create one of those obnoxious little cults like Jim Morrison still has. And I've got to do it all by the end of the week, 'cause that's when Nirvana will be in town, and that's when I want to see that Cobain twerp die."

The Grinch spent the next day talking to representatives from Whoville's commercial radio stations. He had intended to threaten them with an advertising boycott if Nirvana were not dropped from circulation, but was amazed to find that the commercial stations weren't playing the album anyway. "How the hell does it sell 500,000 copies if nobody plays it," screamed the Grinch at the station representatives.

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Grinch, but our demographic indicators show that their is absolutely no demand for us to play the new Nirvana album," sniffed the reps.

"Yeah, right," agreed the Grinch sarcastically, as he sent them on their way back to Whoville with a swift kick in the ass.

The Grinch was more successful with the cable music video station. "I've got some really compromising pictures of two of your V.J.'s that I'll bet would ruin your ratings. Pull that Nirvana video, or I'll see that these prints become front page news." Nobody at the station seemed to doubt the veracity of the Grinch's bluff, and the next day the video was taken out of circulation, officially because it showed wholesome cheerleaders in unwholesome positions.

As far as the distribution end of things went, the Grinch returned to methods that he had used in the past. He and Max would wait at the edge of the highway until a mail truck came along. Then Max would run out onto the road and pretend to get hit by the truck, forcing the truck to stop. Then the Grinch would spring onto the road, brandish his new shotgun, and order the truck driver to give him everything with a DGC logo on it. It was a time consuming procedure, but it took a hell of a lot less time than trying to steal Christmas did.

Well, by the third day, the Grinch knew something was still wrong. The Nirvana show had sold out in a matter of minutes.

The CD's that did get through were selling faster than proverbial hotcakes. His plan was failing miserably.

Now they say that fate has a way of intervening at critical junctures, and that is especially true in when the forum is fiction. Just when it looked as though the Grinch was stymied, at wits end, defeated by the Nirvana juggernaut, an amazing thing happened. The Grinch's phone rang. "Hello?" asked the Grinch, suspiciously.

"Hello, is this the Grinch who stole Christmas," said a bored, pompous, thin British voice on the other end. When he was assured it was the Grinch who stole Christmas, he continued. "I understand you're trying to destroy the popularity of Nirvana? Well, I just want to tell you that you're going about it all wrong. The number of records they sell is irrelevant. So is the amount of commercial air time they get. What you want is to make them uncool, unhip. You want them to be thought of the way Sting is now: laughed at. If Sting were shot in the head today, do you think there would be any mourning? No way. There would be a celebration. 'Good riddance to bad rubbish' they'd say. That's what you want, isn't it?"

The Grinch was seething with annoyance at the utter pomposity of the callers voice. "Why do you want to help me?" he asked, always suspicious.

"I too hate Nirvana," said the Englishman in a voice so laden with boredom it threatened to lapse into coma. "In fact, I hate that whole genre of music. Imagine, people going out to hear bands, with those loud, raucous guitars, and socially interacting, rather than staying in their rooms, neurotically festering under their sheets while listening to my band, the Smiths. I just hate the idea."

"You are flat out fucked in the head, buddy," said the Grinch, hoping for reaction.

"I know," said the voice, drifting off into a new, more ethereal dimension. "I thrive on it."

The Grinch wasn't sure what to do at this point. He was loathe to accept the advice of a such an annoying personality but he had to admit that there was something to be said for the content of the conversation. And, as he reflected further, he had made a similar mistake before when he had assumed that stealing Christmas trappings could break the Christmas spirit. "I may be a mean old son of a bitch," the Grinch told Max, "but I learn from my mistakes. Maybe Nirvana's popularity has not-

ing to do with the number of records they sell. But if that were the case," thought the Grinch, "how could I break them? Then it dawned on him. The obvious, awful source of Nirvana's popularity: College radio.

The next morning, the Grinch and Max headed up to Whoville U., to find the college radio station. The Grinch was ready for a showdown of some sort. Max was bowed and forlorn as usual. At least a dozen people denied any knowledge of any campus radio station before an angst ridden teenager took time out from his manic depression to give the Grinch directions. And so, the Grinch stepped into the lions den, without his trusty thirty odd six but with his pal Max, to face the most supportive Nirvana fans of them all.

Even the Grinch's cold, cruel heart was not prepared for the sight that awaited him in the college station. In one room, draped all over couches and reading music trade magazines from all over the country, were some twenty or so young Who's. They were colorful shades of black clothing, and had a uniform skin tone that was the same yellow/grey that one finds inside a raw potato. Their hair was either ludicrously long or ludicrously short, and their faces wore the disdain and boredom usually associated with Macdonald's employees. They all had nice, expensive accessories though, like earrings, wrist watches, chains and leather (black, of course) jackets. "My how the children of the middle class have fallen," laughed the Grinch to himself with delight.

For beyond being just an evil old man with a propensity for thieving religious holidays, the Grinch was very perceptive. And when he looked at these middle class kids who abstained from everything, he saw the smirk in their hearts. He saw the disdain they had for their society. He saw their smugness and their huge, unwarranted egos. In short, he didn't see a bunch of young, jaded Who's when he looked about the room. He saw a bunch that derived great pleasure from mocking the simple joys of others. Yep, the Grinch saw a bunch of young, vegetarian, Grinches in this room. For in this story, Grinch is a state of mind, and not a type of being.

"You want something, grandpa," asked one of the smug little twerps.

"I came to talk about the new Nirvana," replied the Grinch, his voice dripping hatred.

"It fuckin' rocks," said the twerp, all cockiness.

"But it's on a major record

label," replied the Grinch, understanding why this group would relate to Kurt Cobain and his middle finger.

"Just...just because it's on a major doesn't mean it sucks, right?" This youngster had lost his cockiness, and was looking to his companions for support.

"Yeah, just because it's on a major doesn't mean anything. Besides, what kind of music do you like, old man?" A new twerp had taken up the battle.

The Grinch, however, was prepared for this question. He pulled two imaginary band names out of his head, and replied "I like the Snottosned Pukes, and the Pale Music Fascists, myself." The fact that neither band had ever existed was a boon to the Grinch, for in this environment, the more obscure the band, the more highly regarded. "But only their early stuff," the Grinch added, for effect.

His gambit paid off, and his words were met with silent nods of approval. To admit to being unfamiliar with a band, real or imaginary, was an epic faux pas around here.

"But let's get back to the new Nirvana," said the Grinch, ball firmly in his court. "It's on the same record label as Ricki Lee Jones, it has to suck." The black clad little clique stared at him impassively, unconvinced.

"It's sold 500,000 copies, it must suck." Still, the Grinch got no reaction.

"OK," went on the Grinch. "think of them as REM. It's all fine and dandy to say you never liked REM, but I'll bet you're all lying." The Grinch noted he had a captive audience now. "So, if you want to say you like Nirvana now, just remember that their next album might sell five million copies. It'll be as big as REM. Then, the commercial stations will pick it up. And when someone says 'didn't you used to like them,' you'll have to either lie, or admit you did like them. Just like REM." And with that, the Grinch turned on his heels. "See you at the show, kids," he said in parting.

Needless to say, the Grinch's astute reading of Who nature served his evil purposes well. Nirvana went from the top of the college charts to the depths of 'lameness.' But the high drama was still to come, at the big show that Friday night.

The show had been sold out for weeks, and the band had expected to find a rabid crowd to greet them. Kurt Cobain had toyed with the idea of playing only songs from their 1st, commercially unsuccessful album, or perhaps just doing a seventy minute version of the screeching bonus track on the new album.

But record company reps had won out, and the decision was made to reproduce the album note for note at the big show.

But old Kurt was in for a surprise. Instead of a big, frothing, enthusiastic crowd, Nirvana was greeted by a small group of bored-looking youths, an eighty year old Grinch in a trench coat, and decrepit old dog. Most of the Who's in Whoville hadn't even bothered to show up. Boos greeted Kurt's opening statement of "Fuck you all, shitheads." More boos greeted the opening cords of "Smells like Teen Spirit." Something was desperately wrong and out of synch.

Kurt and the band launched into "I'm on a Plain," but that piece of accessible music just made things worse. Beer cans started to fly from the small audience.

Then it all fell apart. Kurt tried to reaffirm himself as the Jesus of Cool by falling into his famous "finger" pose. They laughed. The crowd laughed at Kurt Cobain and his magic finger. "Whatta goof," they shouted derisively, "go back to L.A." And most devastating of all, "Where's Michael Stipe." It was all too much for poor Kurt to handle and the band retreated to their dressing room in disgrace.

The crowd filed out, satisfied at having achieved a goal. The Grinch had the same satisfaction but he headed towards the Nirvana dressing room rather than the exits. It was time to exact his revenge.

What the Grinch found backstage, though, was not a pretty sight. Kurt Cobain sat, drinking the imported beer his rider demanded, crying into it. "They laughed at my finger pose," he blubbered to himself. "Nobody thinks I'm cool anymore. Somebody ought to just shoot me now."

"Somebody will," said the Grinch, pulling out his shotgun, which had been sawed off so he could smuggle it past the Neanderthal bouncers at the show. "Now, where's Wendy Who?"

"Oh, who knows," Cobain bubbled. "Who cares about all that. I think she took up with

Thurston Moore or somebody." Then he returned to his blubbering. "Lord, just end the pain. Nobody thinks I'm cool anymore," he said.

Well, the Grinch obliged. "Never...never, fuck with a Grinch," he told Kurt Cobain. And he blew Kurt Cobain's smug little pin-head all over that dressing room. Then he put down the shot-gun, and he and Max headed out into the night. The roadies, who had always privately laughed at the goofy chip on Cobain's shoulders, told the cops it was a suicide.

As you must know by now, Nirvana fell into historical ob-

scurity as a one hit wonder. The smug college kids ignored them, and even the story of Cobain's suicide couldn't revitalize interest in the band. In fact, all those kids that had bought the Nirvana CD's ended up returning them to used record stores for fear they may get caught with that CD in their collection. "I found it in a drawer when I moved into my new apartment," they would tell the record store clerks, as if they cared.

And the Grinch? Well, last I heard, he was in Manchester, doing the world a public service, and gunning for Morrissey.





CHARTS

DJ FAVOURITE ALL SORTS

Live From Venus Tuesdays 3-5PM

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 The Cranes | Wings of Joy (Dedicated) |
| 2 Kathleen Yearwood | Dead Branches Make a Noise (VOT) |
| 3 Bongwater | Power of Pussy (Shimmy-Disc) |
| 4 Deep Listening Band | Troglodyte's Delight (What Next?) |
| 5 Chris Equilibrium | Solifit Temporis Sensus (M.M.C.) |
| 6 Bleach | Snag EP |
| 7 Elizabeth Finner | Post Pop for New People |
| 8 Taste of Giving | demo tape |
| 9 Bujada | demo tape |
| 10 Bright Like Ice | Bright Like Ice 7" EP (Smarten Up) |

Don & Gourd's Stupid Radio Show Mondays 11AM-1PM

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Mad at the World | Boomerang |
| 2 Lost People | Boogam |
| 3 Chagall Guevara | Chagall Guevara |
| 4 Crash Test Dummies | Ghosts That Haunt Me |
| 5 Queen | '91 Remix We Will Rock You |
| 6 Scattered Few | Sin Disease |
| 7 Yello | Baby |
| 8 Smugglers | Up and Down |
| 9 Dread Zeppelin | \$5,000,000* |
| 10 Norman Feste | Footprints |

Bryce & Scooter's Top Ten Popsicles Madonna Death Watch Tuesdays 8:15-11AM

- | |
|-------------------------|
| 1 Vic's Cough Dropsicle |
| 2 SUB Popsicle |
| 3 Fuzguzicle |
| 4 Dill Picklesicle |
| 5 Big Dillpickle |
| 6 Touch Me I'm Sickle |
| 7 Cold Nipplesicle |
| 8 Buff Popsicle |
| 9 Red Hot Chicksicle |
| 10 Gishchicle |

A Voice of Dissent

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| 1 Fred Frith | Gravily |
| 2 Various Artists | Till the Bots Back |
| 3 John Lurie | Strangers in Paradise |
| 4 Various Artists-soundtrack | Disappearing World |
| 5 The Last Poets | Right On |
| 6 Various Artists | Modern Sounds: CAGE Poetry Collaboration |
| 7 Chris Cutler & Fred Frith | Lived in Moscow, Prague and Washington |
| 8 Le Mystere de Vol Bogures | A Cathedral Concert |
| 9 Various Artists | Dances of the World: A Nonesuch Collection |
| 10 King Sunny Ade | Syncho Synthesis |

DECEMBER 91 LOOOONG GROOVES 102

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1 The Pixies | Trampe Le Monde (PolyGram+DAD) |
| 2 Nation of Ulysses | 13-Point Program Destroy America (Dichord) |
| 3 Soundgarden | Badmotorfinger (A&M) |
| 4 Nirvana | Nevermind (MCA+DGC) |
| 5 Public Enemy | Apocalypse 91 (Sony+DeJann+Rush) |
| 6 Sebadoh | Ill... (Gone with Wind) |
| 7 Various Artists | The Big One: City of L.A. Power (Epitaph) |
| 8 Ed's Redemptive Qualities | More Bad Times (Festive/Flying Fish) |
| 9 Red Hot Chili Peppers | Bloodsugar+Spagnum (Warner) |
| 10 S.F.U.L. | The Last of the Big Time Suspenders (Cargo) |
| 11 They Might Be Giants | Miscellaneous (Selfless Not None) |
| 12 Swervedriver | Raise (A&M) |
| 13 The Walkabouts | Scavenger (SubPop) |
| 14 Luck People | Boogam (A&M+Hypercube) |
| 15 Miladolo | Castellum Honesti (Festival+Green Unmet) |
| 16 Raining Ann | A Slice of English Toot (Ras+Arwa) |
| 17 The Orb | Adventures Beyond the Ultraworld (Africa+Wow!+Modo) |
| 18 Urban Dance Squad | Life in Perspectives of a Gentleman... (S&W) |
| 19 Volvud | Angel Rat (Mechanic) |
| 20 Coffin Break | Crawl (Epitaph) |
| 21 Queen Latifah | Nature of a Sista (Tommy Boy) |
| 22 Die Warzau | Big Electric Metal Bass Face (Allan) |
| 23 Naughtily by Nature | Naughtily by Nature (Tommy Boy) |
| 24 Gas Huffer | Janitors of Tomorrow (eMpy) |
| 25 Rocky Erickson | You're Gonna Miss Me (Restless) |
| 26 Prong | Prove You Wrong (Gony+Epitaph) |
| 27 Sarcastic Mannequins | Little Brother (Eyeson Industries) |
| 28 A Tribe Called Quest | The Low End Theory (BMG+Jive/Zomba) |
| 29 Timbuk3 | Big Shot in the Dark (Capitol+R2) |
| 30 Action Swingers | Action Swingers (Caroline+Primo Sound) |
| 31 Various Artists | Planet Africa (Priority/Rhythm+Safofi) |
| 32 Billy Childish | I am Billy Childish (SubPop) |
| 33 Goodflesh | Slavestate (Relativity+Earache) |
| 34 Cypress Hill | Cy (Gony+Vice Houses) |
| 35 The Vandals | Fear of a Punk Planet (SRO+Triple X) |
| 36 Lloyd Cole | Don't Get Weird on Me Babe (Capitol) |
| 37 Run the Mill | Stop Violence & Madness (Important+Century Media) |
| 38 Fugazi | Steady Diet of Nothing (Relativity+Earache) |
| 39 Sioyer | Live: Decade of Aggression (Def American) |
| 40 Napalm Death | Death by Manipulation (Relativity+Earache) |
| 41 Test Dept | Pox Britannia (Chrysalis) |
| 42 Poster Children | Flower Power (Frontiers) |
| 43 Sons of Freedom | Gump (MCA+Chrysalis) |
| 44 Reverend Horton Heat | Smoke 'em If You Got 'em (Sub Pop) |
| 45 Complicit's Most Wanted | Straight Checkin' 'em (Sony) |
| 46 Celtic Blue | Breaking Traditions (Celtic Blue) |
| 47 Billy Bragg | Try That (PolyGram) |
| 48 Test Dept | Proven in Action (Jungle+Ministry) |
| 49 Various Artists | Hearts Lost in Limbo (Cargo+Cel La Mort) |
| 50 Young Glocks | Play Kari Well (Cargo+Play It Again Sam) |
| 51 Front Line Assembly | Virus (Third Mind) |
| 52 MC Lyte | Act Like You Know (Atlantic) |
| 53 Runtz | The Big Wheel (MCA+Chrysalis) |
| 54 Digital Poodle | Soul Crash (Shadow) |
| 55 Strawberry Zolt | Love Operation (Continuum) |
| 56 Cabaret Voltaire | Colours (Warner+Mute) |
| 57 Don't Mean Maybe | Real Good Life (Def. Dream) |
| 58 La Muerte | Kutsum Kar Kompetition (Cargo+Play It Again Sam) |
| 59 Unleashed | Where No Life Exists (Century Media) |
| 60 Mack Mackenzie | Three O'Clock Train (Fusion III+Justin Time) |
| 61 Shihad | Devolve (Pagan) |
| 62 Pagoda | Strong Reaction (Touch & Go+143/Atco) |
| 63 Smithereens | Blow Up (Capitol) |
| 64 My Bloody Valentine | Loveless (Warner+Sir) |
| 65 Diano Breathwater | In This Time (Aural Tradition/Festival) |
| 66 Buhara | Musical Crossroads of Asia (Smithsonian+PolyGram) |
| 67 H.E.A. | Civilization Vs. Technology (Warner+Elektra) |
| 68 Johnny Heartman | The Touch (Warner+Alligator) |
| 69 MC Breed & DFC | S.D.E.G. (Ichiban+Wrap) |
| 70 Mase | From Beyond (Relativity+Earache) |
| 71 Rickie Lee Jones | Pop Pop (MCA+Geffen) |
| 72 Margoth | Cursed (Important+Century Media) |
| 73 Tenacious D | Tenacious D (Gony+Capitol) |
| 74 Row Youth | Hot Digglity (Geffen) |
| 75 Boris Mikulic | Heresy (Caroline) |
| 76 Pat Temple & the High Lonesome | Connecting Lines (BMG+Latent) |
| 77 Various Artists | I'm Your Fan (Warner) |
| 78 Death | Human (Relativity) |
| 79 Tony Alt | New Girl Old Story (Cruz) |
| 80 Various Artists-Soundtrack | The Commitments (MCA) |
| 81 Romance | Herpetically Sealed (Capitol Dream+Sony) |
| 82 Capital Punishment | Living on the Edge of a Razor (Ichiban+Wrap) |
| 83 Death Ray Cafe | Built on Good and Bad (Pagan) |
| 84 Dead Eyes Open | In Times Like These (Energy Records) |
| 85 Good Little Monkeys | Up (Alicia) |
| 86 Frankie Knuckles | Beyond the Mix (A&M+Virgin) |
| 87 Modern Mandolin Quartet | The Nutcracker Suite (Windham Hill) |
| 88 Def Jef | Soul Food (Delicious Vinyl) |
| 89 Hamish Moore & Dee Lee | The Beautiful (Festive/Flying Fish) |
| 90 Poésie Noire | Tabula Rasa (Anlier+Subway) |
| 91 Rabbit Choir | High Fidelity Hare Kuls (Looseleaf) |
| 92 Ann Lederman | Not a Mark in This World (Aural Tradition+Festival) |
| 93 Various Artists | Majestic Waters (Aural Tradition+Festival) |
| 94 Generation X | Perfect Hits 1975-1981 (Chrysalis) |
| 95 Aster Aweke | Kabu (Sony+MCA) |
| 96 Crust | Crust (Trance) |
| 97 Neil Young | Weld (Westminster) |
| 98 Head of David | Seed State (Mute) |
| 99 Various Artists | Velezan DJ Jamboare (Ras) |
| 100 Queen Mother Rage | Vanglorious Law (Cardiac+Black Watch) |
| 101 Various Artists | Pretty on the Inside (Caroline) |
| 102 Various Artists | History of Vancouver Rock & Roll Volume 4 (V.R.C.A.) |

DECEMBER 91 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTYCLOTHES 50

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 Funnelface | Down the Drain |
| 2 Indecives | Good Intentions |
| 3 Funnelface | While My Dad Sings My Weeps |
| 4 Perfume Tree | Death in Primetime |
| 5 Jack Fields Free | Someone Died on TV Again |
| 6 Skinband | Midnight |
| 7 Jimmy Ray's 5 Star Hillbillies | Oracle of Banality |
| 8 Bill & the Things | 1/2 Pice |
| 9 Roath Roundup | Trash |
| 10 Luddites | O'Kanoel |
| 11 Katharine | Hammer Song |
| 12 Exalted 1st Daughter | Let's Get Together |
| 13 Show Business Giants | I Used to Be Crazy |
| 14 Ten Feet Tall | Vampire Blues |
| 15 Evaporator | Levitale |
| 16 Slipshot | Hold Your Own |
| 17 Sweeten | Redeem |
| 18 Wheat Chiefs | Beal of the Sun |
| 19 Ten Feet Tall | Only One Place for Me |
| 20 Son of Man | Dreaming |
| 21 Terror 1 | Shouts Out |
| 22 Herbivores | Pressure Cooker |
| 23 Dismoreto Hood | Run Spot Run |
| 24 Planet of the Apes | She's My Girl |
| 25 This Is Our Daughter | So Alive |
| 26 Jack Fields Free | Uncle Eugene's Trailor |
| 27 The Taste of Giving | The Double |
| 28 Mr. White & Speed | Living |
| 29 Mataphysics | Modern Theory |
| 30 Shine | Beautiful Sun |
| 31 Hoodlum | Relapse |
| 32 Show Business Giants | World Is Too Crowded |
| 33 The Somethings | Four T Life |
| 34 Random Killing | Ritual Killing |
| 35 Picture Paintings | The Man Who Would Be King |
| 36 Planet of the Apes | Forcibly |
| 37 Ngoma | Need |
| 38 Unlens Steps | Do Tell |
| 39 Carl's Game | The Sniper |
| 40 Luvex Ranchers | Hue Conscious |
| 41 Go Guy | The Room |
| 42 Sweeten | The Pot Thing |
| 43 Andy O | Salt Guy |
| 44 Big City Groove | Black Chicks |
| 45 Lovers & Madmen | Pain |
| 46 Nervous Rex | Uncle Willy |
| 47 Thud | Sunshine Girl |

DECEMBER 91 SHORT GROOVES 50

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1 Underfoot/Resolution | Split 7" (Overkill) |
| 2 Crooked | Hold On 7" EP (m) |
| 3 Zipgun | "10" 7" (eMpy) |
| 4 Windwalker/Tamhook | The Mint Is a Terrible Thing to Taste Split 7" (m) |
| 5 Supersuckers | June 7" (eMpy) |
| 6 Psychomorphosis | Psychomorphosis (Gony) |
| 7 Just Say No/Tesco Vee's Hate Police | Split 7" EP (Staplegun) |
| 8 Superconductor | "The Most Popular Man in the World" 7" (Scratch) |
| 9 Paper Tulips | 3-song 7" EP (Pisces) |
| 10 Disposable Heroes of Hipopoty... | "Television the Dog at the Hotel" 12" (m & B&W) |
| 11 Leaving Trains | "Rock 'n' Roll Murder" 7" (ST) |
| 12 Mono Men | Booze 7" (Estrus) |
| 13 Glocks | "Mother of Pearl" 7" (Smelly) |
| 14 Mulmuthin | 3-song 7" EP (m) |
| 15 Peel Me | "Smoke"/"Bring on the China" 7" (ST) |
| 16 The Gits | Spear & Magic Helmet 7" (eMpy) |
| 17 Black Angels Death Song | Nothing Equals Nothing 7" (Dionysus) |
| 18 The Morals | Dismalgration 7" EP (eMpy) |
| 19 Curve | "Frozen" CD-5" (Virgin+Charisma) |
| 20 Shadow Men | "Change of Heart..." Split 7" (Cargo) |
| 21 Gordon Reich | 7" EP (eMpy) |
| 22 Nica | "25 Talle" 12" (Sony+DeJann) |
| 23 Truly | Truly CD-5" EP (SubPop) |
| 24 Antiseen | "Psycho Killer"/"Heavy Mud" 7" (Leftism) |
| 25 The Grifters | "Ward" CD-5" (Gony+Capitol) |
| 26 The Grifters | The Kingdom of Jones 7" EP (Dionysus) |
| 27 Pop Defect | Game of Fear 7" (Dionysus) |
| 28 Steve McCl | "Lost in Music" 12" (4th & Broadway+Island) |
| 29 C. Boggs | "You're So Pretty But You Make Me Sick" 7" (Rothguy) |
| 30 Capitain Condoms | Kinda Kool 7" EP (Public Bath) |
| 31 Drone | Voice of Reason 7" EP (Viny Communications) |
| 32 Hell Bells | "Draggins Girl" 7" (Dionysus) |
| 33 Sweeten's Zappa | "Vanity" CD-5" (Gony+Capitol) |
| 34 D. Aborn | "No Coke" 12" (BMG+Arista) |
| 35 Genkabo Onaries | Forward Command Post 7" EP (Public Bath) |
| 36 Lady Fresh | "Black Child Killer" 12" (Volley Vibe) |
| 37 C. Boggs | "Conjure Up Me" CD-5" (Gony+Capitol) |
| 38 Tina Chopp | "Story of My Life" 7" (Weezyland) |
| 39 T. Chopp | "Damp in the Trenches" 7" (Alicia) |
| 40 Ricky Baylends | 4-song 7" EP (C&P) |
| 41 Various Artists | Lost & Found Compilation 7" (Dionysus) |
| 42 Thungho | "Ulcer" 7" (Davies Productions) |
| 43 Failure | "Count My Eyes"/"Comfort" 7" (Sweet Smelling) |
| 44 Jeffery Charlie | "Probably Die Poor" 7" (Dionysus) |
| 45 Various Artists | "Move Any Mountain" CD-5" (Gony+Capitol) |
| 46 Electric Frontiers | 2-3-4" 7" (Dionysus) |
| 47 Heroin | 6-song 7" EP (Viny Communications) |
| 48 Sam Hill | "The Right Side of Time" 7" (Forehead) |
| 49 Various Artists | "A Love Supreme" CD-5" (Gony+Capitol) |
| 50 Masson | Memorial (Vermis Sun) |

SHINDIG



It's your last chance to experience the wonder and the beauty that is Shindig: Preliminaries and Semi-Finals at the Railway; Finals at the Cruel Elephant. *No more excuses, butthead.*

NOVEMBER 25 - Night Two of Third Round Preliminaries

DECEMBER 2 - Night Three of Third Round Preliminaries

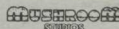
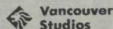
DECEMBER 9 - Third Round Semi-Finals

AT THE GOOD OL' RAILWAY CLUB - 579 DUNSMUIR

**SHINDIG GRAND FINALS AT
the cruel elephant @ 23 w. cordova
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13**

Cuter Than Spunky
vs.
Mystery Machine
vs.
???

AND OF COURSE LOVE AND KISSES TO OUR FAAAAABULOUS SPONSORS:



RENEGADE STUDIOS GROUP

HI, I'M OPHELIA. IT INVADDED OUR LIVES SOME TIME AGO. WE TRY OUR BEST TO HIDE IT.

JUNKFLESH

HANGS AROUND, COZ, I'M LIKE THIS HOMING SIGNAL THAT IT CENTRES ON...

ME NOT ZOMBIE

KILL IT KILL IT

HEY! WHO THE FUCK LEFT BODY PARTS IN THE TUB AGAIN!!!!??

NOT I, SAID JUNKFLESH, NOTHING THAT ONE FOOT IS BIGGER THAN THE OTHER...

SEENABLE ANYWHERE?

I MEAN, IT IS A THING.

I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHY.

AND NO, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS... IT IS INTELLIGENT, KINFA...

BUT WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER, IT'S LIKE MAGIC... WE GET AWAY WITH MURDER... NO ONE SEEMS TO BOTHER US...



OH, IT'S JUST A SEX DOLL SHTAKING OUT FOR A STROLL...

DRAW, GET READY TO THIN YOUR HEAD AT HIM.

JUNKFLESH IS EASY TO TAKE CARE OF... IT EATS ANYTHING AND YOU JUST PLUG IT IN WHEN YOU'RE OUT...



MAKES IT REAL HANDY, & WHEN YOU HAVE CABLE, ALL YOU REALLY HAVE TO DO, IS WIPE THE SLIME OFF THE FLOOR, ONCE IN AWHILE...

EVERY SO OFTEN, WE GOTTA GO OUT & GET BODY PARTS, OLD MACHINIS, OR EVEN A WHOLE NEW BODY... THAT'S THE SHITTY PART...



DOGS... I'VE LOST MY RED...

ATWAGREH HAND

SWIMFORT.

IT'S TOUGH, SOMETIMES, COZ IT'S MOOTLY LIKE A BIG, WEIRD, SMELLY BABY... BUT WE'RE JUST TOTAL SLOBS, ANYWAY...

IT'S A WHOLE NEW LIFE FORM... LIKE, THIS THING COULD EVEN REVOLUTIONIZE ALL EXISTANCE... THAT'S WHY WE'RE HIDING IT... MAYBE WE'LL PUT IT ON MTV, OR SOMETHING... WE'VE GOT PLANS... BIG PLANS...

NOW WE GO TO THE MALL



OKY DOKY
PLAYED BROOVE TRANE

JERRY C. THING '91

Timbre Presents

from Portland

sweaty nipples

with SPASTIC BLUR and LESTER'S WAGEN

saturday Nov.23

cruel elephant

23 w. cordova

CiTR
101.9 FM
presents

Warner Recording Artists

24-7 SPYZ

with guests MCA Recording Artists FOLLOW FOR NOW and Interscope Recording Artists THE HARD CORPS

MONDAY
NOV. 25

**TOWN
PUMP**

CFOX 99.3 FM presents Capitol Recording Artist

LLOYD COLE

with special guests

G.W. McLennan & Robert Forster (formerly with the Go-Betweens)

Fri. Nov. 29
Commodore

Coast 800
PRESENTS

BILLY BRAGG

with special guests DISPOSABLE HEROES OF HIPHOPRISY

THURSDAY
DECEMBER 5
COMMODORE

Coast 100 presents

Pixies

with special guests

pere ubu

SUN. DEC. 15
MON. DEC. 16
COMMODORE

IRS/Capitol Recording Artists

TIMBUK-3

with
special
guests

THURSDAY
DECEMBER 19

**TOWN
PUMP**

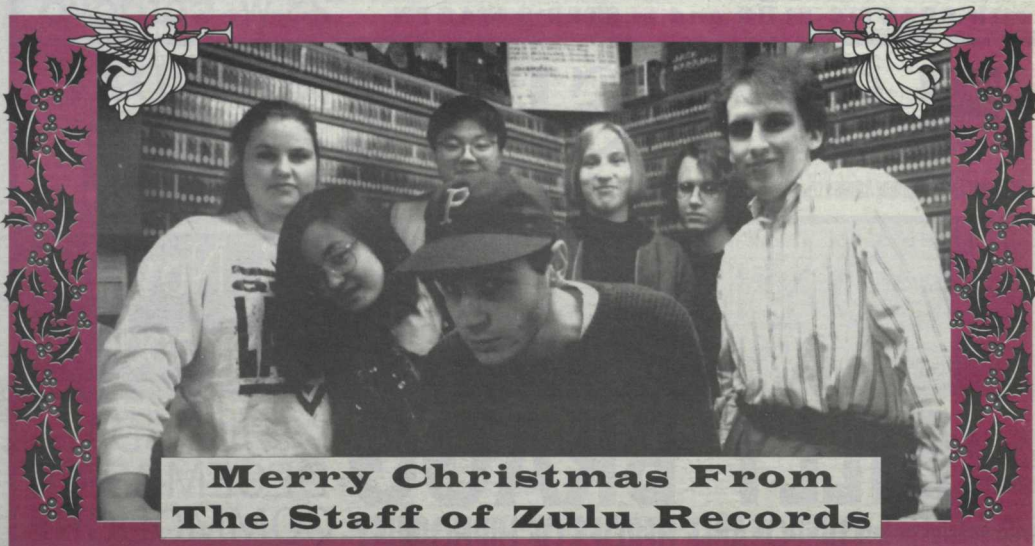
Tickets Available At: Zulu, Black Swan, Track, Highlife, Scratch, and Reminiscing
Records, Ticketmaster outlets or charge by phone 280-4444

Tickets for 24-7 SPYZ and TIMBUK 3 are available at the Town Pump

ZULU records

OPEN Monday to Wednesday 10:30 - 7:00
 Thursday and Friday 10:30 - 9:00
 Saturday 10:30 - 6:30
 Sunday 12:00 - 6:00

1869 W 4th Avenue, Vancouver, BC
 604-738-3232



**Merry Christmas From
 The Staff of Zulu Records**

Photo: Edward Kupe

December 1991

1	2 pick up fruit cake from bakery	3	4	5	6 office party (suck up to boss big-time)	7
8 eggnog party at biff's (remember to bring whoopee cushion)	9	10	11 Rita Moreno's Birthday	12	13	14
15	ZULU 10th Anniversary Sale ! • December 16 - 24 10% off all cds and cassettes • 20% all vinyl					
22	23	24	25 Christmas	26 ZULU's Boxing Day Sale See next Discorder for details	27	28 Skating Party
ZULU Anniversary Sale						
29	30	31				